

Profile:
Judy LaMarsh

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MARCH 3, 1980

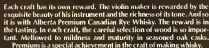
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A full-page photograph of a speed skater, Gaetan Boucher, in a dynamic racing pose on an ice track. He is wearing a red and black racing suit with white sleeves and a white helmet with a black stripe. The background is a blurred white ice surface.

THE TROUBLED OLYMPICS

Silver medalist
Gaetan Boucher

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
Maclean's



VOL. 93 NO. 9

With fences to mend

Pierre Trudeau's problem now is to conjure up means to make the western half of the nation feel at home with a central government for which it didn't vote.



The troubled Olympics

Though sometimes reduced to a token, the Olympic flame had nevertheless managed to stay alive as the XII Winter Games closed in Lake Placid during the weekend. Still, the question remained: were these the last Games? As Canada once again pondered its Olympic future, its new government faced a decision on whether to join the U.S.-led boycott of the Moscow Summer Games. **Page 92**



Dangling out of time

The National Ballet of Canada seems temporarily reeled from its sickbed of fiscal mismanagement. Now the company is preparing new works, even a gala. **Page 54**

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 Column/Alan Fetheringham

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Editorial

One-party rule: the cost of Joe Clark's downfall?

By Peter G. Newman

WINNipeg—The thesis is simple and frightening because of the huge, irreversibly Liberal voting bloc in Quebec, the PCs can never again win a parliamentary majority and, since they can't seem to manage the subtleties of a minority Commons, Canada is condemned to permanent Liberal hegemony. The Conservatives, who have failed only one majority since 1920, seem destined to become the kind of political rump that Jack Pickens had in mind when he charged that Tory administrations are "like having the measles—something you have to endure once in your lifetime, but when it's over you don't ever want it again."

W.L. Morton, the University of Manitoba historian whose nine books and many lectures have made him the reluctant leader of Canadian conservatism's soul, recognizes the danger. "If the trend is prolonged enough, its implication is dictatorship, even within a democratic society," he told me at his downtown Winnipeg apartment last week. "Any alternate government in this country has either ceased to exist or, if it occasionally does come into being, it is inept. It cannot feed itself either with previous cabinet experience or ambitious newcomers, who tend to choose the Liberal party in planning their political careers."

Morton, whose progressive perceptions have guided

three generations of thoughtful Tories, believes that Pierre Trudeau is attempting to turn the government of this country into a centralized presidential system modelled on the French Third Republic. His antipathy for how the Liberals are ruling the monarchial parliamentary democracy he worships is so strong that Morton doesn't trust himself to comment on the prime minister-elect.

"But Joe Clark," he contends, "should be given another chance. He committed some grave errors, but he has held the party together and if there aren't too many recriminations over the recent defeat, he should organize a thinkers' conference to thrash out Conservative divisions and policies. What the PCs need is to realize the breadth of their ideology, in the sense that it's really a whole national outlook, ready and on the book to be worn if the country should be so disposed. Conservative policy can be extremely flexible, running all the way from free-wheeling populism to extreme individualism."

Morton sees little hope for a PC renewal without the adoption of a proportional representative voting system. Meanwhile, he is counseling himself over the recent Tory defeat with a mischievous notion. Jim Githin features light up "I rejoice that it is, after all, Pierre Trudeau who now has to deal with the god-awful situation that the country is in—mostly because of previous Liberal policies."



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Where was Lougheed?

By Suzanne Swaran

In Ottawa for Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed was simply unavailable. By January 19 was in Hawaii. At the long-marginal February he departed for Europe. But the guesses of Zurich didn't fill Lougheed's entire February calendar, after all. As the federal election campaign drew to a close, Lougheed arrived back in Alberta and hopped a plane for the oil sands boom town of Fort McMurray to lend a hand to an old friend, Jack Shultz, the only Alberta Conservative facing anything like a fight.

How soon they forget. Not only had Lougheed cultivated a low profile, but in Fort McMurray the weekend before the election he seemed positively invisible. At least, no one remembered to turn up on the tarmac to greet him. The only people in sight were a delegation of business Liberals, on hand to welcome provincial Liberal leader Nick Taylor, who was also due to put in an appearance on behalf of Chuck Knight, who subsequently lost Athabasca riding by the smallest margin of any challenger in the province.

Lougheed hid in the baggage room until his Tories returned him. His last early arrival was symbolic of the distance and disengagement that exists between Alberta's provincial and federal Conservatives. Lougheed belatedly appeared once the night with an election eve appearance in Calgary at a big rally starring Joe Clark. At a similar appearance during the '79 campaign, his introduction of Clark was judged lukewarm. This time he seemed more forcefully peppered his spiel with references to "Joe," an "outstanding Canadian and good friend," and concluding:

"We here are with you all the way and we, in this particular day, sense you're going to get that mandate."

Wrong intuition. The investment houses of Britain and Switzerland and the beaches of Hawaii were evidently not the best spots to pick up the vibes of a Canadian election. And the federal Tories, worried by Lougheed's elusiveness, likely won't be appeased. If Lougheed (as he has done before) writes a post-election letter to the editor thanking his support for his "old friend, Joe." "A Tory at the Calgary rally, conceding that Clark was probably done for, asked out loud the question most Tories keep to themselves: "Where the hell has Lougheed been?"

Anywhere the election campaign wasn't in the answer. When the Conservative government fell, Lougheed promptly announced he would not say anything about any-

thing for the duration, and cancelled his usual year-end interviews on the state of the province. He maintained silence over even purely provincial matters such as the resignation of three of his longtime personal staff members. Speculation swirled that the resignations signalled Lougheed's own resignation, in August '81, on his 100th anniversary in power. But the pundits were reduced to reading outside. The *Edmonton Journal* decided the promotion of Provincial Treasurer Lee Hyndman's personal secretary to be Lougheed's new secretary indicated Lougheed was naming Hyndman to succeed him. The only flaw the *Journal* could see in its reasoning was the possibility of a Liberal victory and the likelihood that Lougheed would then stay on for another constitutional battle.



Lougheed back to the barricades again

That seems to have happened and, with the election results in, Lougheed ended his months-long silence with the announcement that Alberta would fight for the oil deal reached with the Conservatives and would reject all the Liberal proposals. For Albertans, it was back to the barricades, back to their traditional sense of grievance and isolation. Having felt themselves a part of the federal government for the first time since John Diefenbaker's days, the shock of being on the outside looking out again has shoved some toward separatism. At the Canada West Foundation, the think tank devoted to forging a new Canada within Confederation, the telephone was ringing at 8:35 the morning after the election. "I picked it up and someone said, 'I feel totally disenfranchised today,'" says administration officer Nancy Stanford. "Every five minutes since, there has been another call. A quarter of the calls are looking for a separatist party, which we aren't. The rest are saying they feel totally sick and they want to voice their frustration to someone."

No one has yet suggested Alberta could have voted itself into step with the rest of the country. Like Lougheed, Albertans march to their own drummer. Whether the flood of phoned frustrations bears a mainstream movement remains to be seen. David Elton, Canada West's research director, is uncertain how to interpret a reaction that has no precedent in the foundation's history. "If there is still going on a week from now," he says, "we've got a big problem in this country."

Suzanne Swaran is Maclean's Alberta bureau chief.

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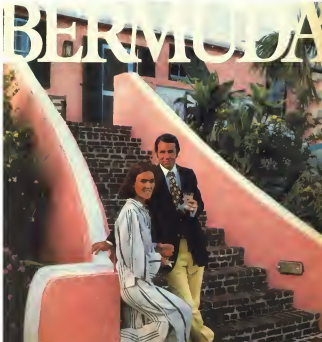
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At the lieutenant-governor's pleasure

By Kathleen Ruff

Emerson Bonnar was 19 when he tried to snatch a purse from a woman on a street in Fredericton, New Brunswick. For that one offense he has been locked up for the past 15 years. He's now 34 and still in a maximum-security ward for the extremely insane. When I sat down with Emerson Bonnar behind double-locked doors at the Provincial Hospital, a mental institution in Campbellton, N.B., just before Christmas, his question was "When will I be let out?" I smiled. I could answer that question. The truth is no one knows.

Emerson Bonnar was the youngest of eight children in a poor New Brunswick family and was receiving voluntary psychiatric treatment at the Saint John General Hospital. After the pore-seaching attempt he elected trial by magistrate and pleaded guilty. Before sentence was passed, Dr. Robert Gregory of Saint John General Hospital testified that the youth was a "moron" and "could have been suffering a delusion as a result of insanity" at the time of the offense. Dr. Gregory added "This fellow has been of no trouble previously."

Solely on Dr. Gregory's expert testimony the magistrate ruled that Bonnar was unfit to stand trial because of insanity and ordered him held "at the pleasure of the lieutenant-governor," which means for as long as the provincial government wants to hold him—or forgets about him. The hearing took 30 minutes. Bonnar had no lawyer. He didn't even get the chance to say a word. Had he been considered sane, he would have received, at worst, a few months in jail. Because he was believed unfit to stand trial he was locked away for the next 15 years. He is still locked up.

The piece of paper that locks Bonnar locked up is called a lieutenant-governor's warrant. It means that a person considered unfit to stand trial, or not guilty because of insanity, is put away in a mental institution "at the pleasure of the lieutenant-governor." As Professor Hans Meier, formerly with the Law Reform Commission of Canada, says, "The lieutenant-governor is never pleased." Several hundred Canadians are being held under lieutenant-governor's warrants across the country. Because no term is set, a person doesn't know if he'll ever get out. What's certain is he's far worse off than if he had been found guilty and received the harshest sentence the court could impose. The only way out is to get a review board of governmental-appointed doctors and lawyers to state that the individual has recovered and recommended release. Even then the government can reject the recommendation and refuse to review the warrant.

Ironically, locking up a person under such a warrant is not intended to be punishment. Supposedly it is for the good of the person and the good of society. Gerald Endcott, co-ordinator of legal services with the Canadian Association

for the Mentally Retarded, disagrees: "Locking up a person in an institution offends fundamental human rights to have, as far as possible, freedom to come and go and to have control over one's own life. In dehumanizing them and puts them at the mercy of institution employees who come to regard them as cattle."

Rights the rest of us take for granted, even the right to have a say over the kind of medical treatment we will be given, do not exist for such people. Neither Bonnar nor, for that matter, Bruce Bonnar, is consulted or even told what drugs he is given, why he must take them, and what effects they might have.

Human beings, like Bonnar, are held under lieutenant-governor's warrants until they are re-labeled "recovered," all the while locked up in abnormal, dehumanizing circumstances. As Bonnie Bonnar says, "It's a bad place to be. I couldn't survive there any day. Nobody's ever cheerful as far as I can see." To keep Bonnar there has cost at least \$500,000 in tax money. Imagine the good that much money could do to provide community support services to help people with mental problems stay with their families and live and work in their communities.

Lieutenant-governor's warrants strip mentally ill and mentally retarded persons of their legal and medical rights, their dignity and their privacy, turning them into "nonpersons." Four years ago the Law Reform Commission recommended that the federal government abolish this barbaric system. Nothing has been done. The commission recommended that mentally ill persons be returned to the regular legal system, standing trial with lawyers and advocates to protect their interests. If found not guilty, the individual would be set free. If guilty, then individual mental health would be considered in determining the appropriate penalty. But as no time would be more than that usually levied for the crime, Bonnar has used her great energy and meager financial resources for 15 years to fight for her son's release—to no avail.

Such fights should not be left to individuals. Groups such as the Canadian Association for the Mentally Retarded and the Canadian Mental Health Association must take the advocacy role for people such as Emerson Bonnar rather than continue scooping coins out of the fountain for their charitable projects. The CAMH is currently moving toward such advocacy and is trying to help Bonnar while also gathering information on like cases in other provinces.

Maybe it could go farther and make Bonnar's case a test in the courts to win restitution for 15 lost years from a man's life.

The question Bonnar asks will be heard elsewhere. "When will I be let out?" How will we answer?

Former director of the British Columbia Human Rights Commission, Kathleen Ruff is the host of CBC TV's *Conversations*.



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Working on the sequel

By Judith Tarron

Well you can't cry in public. It ain't fitful—

On the third loud thump of the brass knocker, she flings open the door to her Toronto Tudor-style farmhouse and greets her own kind of

reunion: "Well, whaddya know, someone who actually arrives when she says she's going to." The voice and the style are still the same—vintage that's why-the-lady-is-a-black-onion—but the visual presentation is utterly different: a smile, bordering on a grin, middle-aged woman with silvery-tipped hair, perfectly applied lipstick, and an elegant

olive-green knit sweater and skirt. Slightly disorienting the perfect portrait of the Lady Macbeth in *Residence, Judy LaMarsh* lurches from her sitting room—It is lush with plants, greener things, the last of a nurturer, a woman, a mother of sons—and into her kitchen to see about tea, mattering to the gods: "Shouldn't do this. Meet too suddenly and I feel dumb." She's looking for balance, she gets right in the point: "Have you read my book?"

The answer, fortunately, is an affirmation. The shiny black cover of her post-released second novel, *A Night Housewife*, *Lady*, a name polished by legend of Marjorie and Maxwell than was her first attempt, *A Very Political Lady*, winds enticingly from the visitor's bookcase. What if the answer had been no? "I would have been crushed. And then I would have concluded you hadn't really come to talk about my book at all."

There are, after all, other things to talk about. Judy LaMarsh, at the age of 46, with trademark curves in her politics and the media behind her, one politically indifferent book of memoirs and two hot novels to her credit—and enough controversy surrounding all these endeavors to qualify her for the title of the *Yankee* Hall of Fame—indulges in conversation. It has rattled her passions, assaulted her guts (as ironic indignity comparable to Don Juan being felled by a heart attack). Just before Christmas they took out her gall bladder, sewed her back up, and gave her surgery from three months to a year. "And I've already used up two of those months," she shrugs.

Despite the Judy-style bravado—she has usually cracked, "I may be dying but I'm not tick"—there is enough evidence to suggest her daily existence is wretched. She cannot eat. Where once she massaged the scales at a peak 200 pounds, she now weighs 136. It's hell not to get dressed, and her strength has slowly sapped away to the point where she can only water some of her plants each day. Desperately trying to write a sequel to her *Memoirs of a First in a Cold Case*, she finds herself unable to type and, disheartened in *Residence* about it, "Got to get that written," she huffs, thinking of those years since 1968 when she dispiritedly turned out of politics and took on the world—harsh radio shows, newspaper columns, novel controversies, her own investigations, and of course the books. "Want to show the dirtiest politics are outside politics?"

Her friends, painfully aware of her frustration, her own frenetic streak of independence during battle with the reality of what is happening to her, have rallied. Courtney Walter Gordon, her fei-

ther colleague in Lester Pearson's cabinet, drops around often, for a postcard hour's chat; very longer and it's too risky of a stroke. LaMarsh's publisher Jack McColland wanders over for a drink by the fire. The *Old Girl's* Network, ex *Vancouver Sun* political columnist Marjorie Nichols calls it, has sprung into action. British Columbia judge Nancy Harrison, once Judy's lawyer and associate, recently flew east to keep her company. And NDP MLA Rosemary Brown of Vancouver arranged for medical help when a friend of Judy's from her former riding and home town of Niagara Falls took her for a walk to the Caribbean. Still the most

"I always, when I think of Judy, think of the confusion I was right." says her longtime political cohort and friend Phil Hellyer. "She's a very soft, very feminine, and in my opinion would have liked very much to have married and had kids."

When *Lady's* *Memoirs of a First* in a Cold Case was published in 1968, in public person being tinged with bitterness. She had lashed out. The hurt and betrayal she had suffered being an imposing female public figure before it was fashionable, aggressive before it was sexy, scored off of every page, chastising her lances alone while the rest of her male colleagues died to

negotiate about that, but I finally came to the conclusion I was right."

And now, despite the trauma of having to close up her law practice—"I could have stayed open and become a lawyer"—and her serious duties, Judy LaMarsh confesses to a "sense of serenity." It has to do, she feels, with having done so much, not the least of which was the publication of her two novels. What there was "the hardest work I've ever done."

When *A Very Political Lady* was published last year, it was longed for by the critics for its pathetically transparent emotion and a healthy egoism (which is high praise). Prince Maurice, Jacques-Charles of the hooded eyes, jutting cheekbones and arrogant manner, and its simplistic plot, at the centre of which was Kathleen Marshall, female cabinet minister who even the mystery: "What a marvelous fantasy to have constructed," breezes one of LaMarsh's closest friends, "to have the entire Liberal party down on its knees, pleading with you to lend them."

This year, Kathleen Marshall, tall, slender and "almost handsome," returns as prime minister in *A Night Housewife*—and the critics have been kinder. "Thank God they didn't kick me in the stomach again," says LaMarsh. "I thought maybe they were being nice to me because... but they're too professional for that."

The plot is better constructed, involving the role of a nuclear reactor in Cuba, as well as the president of the United States in danger for Jimmy Carter) and, unfortunately, the downfall of Kathleen as Canada's first lady PM. Despite her long political apprenticeship, Marshall appears breathtakingly naive. "My editor said Kathleen was naive then and I said she's about as smart as I was," chuckles LaMarsh.

In a rather squiggly line, Kathleen, honorable to a fault, is emotionally pulled, but she doesn't, as usually met, she has her prince to fall back on, the very perfect Mr. Andrew Watson, whom she married late in life and who is charming, supportive and "kinky no," claims his creator. "I've never seen an older man as nice as he is."

In real life, the phrase lingers in the air, somehow blurring instead of clarifying that line between fact and fantasy in Judy LaMarsh's own life. Her novels, in the end, seem a pretty valuable offering, serving up totally without a sense of effort. Still, it is difficult to tell whether their author is also missing one when, staring straight ahead, the light in her eyes having taken on a common intensity, she confesses, "I'm not happy about this whole thing. I added with it what I added with *Black R*." She came out exactly the way I wanted it to be."



Pearson, LaMarsh, Prince Philip and the Queen: 67 political intimacies

truth of the matter is, despite the magnification of friends, despite the "inner" raves from political associates like John Turner and Tommy Douglas and Joe Clark, despite the 600 or so letters from ordinary men and women, thanking her for being an inspiration, to themselves or their daughters, Judy LaMarsh is dying alone. The very political lady who was so "strong," according to recent notes to her from Vancouver broadcaster Jack Webster, that she held a press conference to announce her own death (in fact, the doctors called it after the hospital was swamped with inquiries). In very much a solitary figure, her beloved parents, artist mother and law partner father, is many ways her closest friends, are both dead, she is not so close to either her brother or her older sister. And, as that emotional dead weight of a phrase goes, she never married, a fact her friends rue publicly more than she does.

There are just regrets. There is a pause. "For a long time, I regretted using the word 'politic' to describe Mike [Pearson]. I never saw him again after that, never went to his funeral. I felt very

LaMarsh now, a sense of serenity



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City in need of a fix



Lagos shows 800 people on an air

Lagos is at a breaking point. The capital of oil-rich Nigeria and centre of West Africa continues to spiral in population during the past 10 years to more than four million and is due to triple again by the year 2000. The city's economy is growing at a healthy six-per-cent yearly rate but its unemployment—along with housing, transportation, health and crime problems—is growing faster.

"Lagos is the worst capital city in the world," says a United Nations official, "making it more awful even than Dakar and Conakry in squatter, overcrowded, noisy, stretch and danger. Nigerians themselves admit as much. 'People come only because there is work here,' says a longtime resident. 'Whenever there's a chance to leave they take it. Lagos is hostile to any person with a sense of national pride.'"

Three years ago the government asked the UN to work up a 20-year strategy to rescue the city. To Dick Miller, the urban planner given the task, Lagos "is the biggest challenge of my professional life." The city is flanked by two lagoons and the Atlantic Ocean, with most of its inhabitants living in the slums which flood during the five-month rainy season. Its death and mortality rates are three times higher than in the rest of Nigeria, with dysentery and pneumonia the main killers. In some slums as many as 800 people are pressed onto an acre of land where there are no sewers, narrow drainage ditches are clogged and become stinking pools, and garbage piles up unattended. Quarters are so cramped, families do little but sleep there and store belongings. The business of life is out on the streets, but in some areas, residents hesitate to go out in them after dark and police beatings are a nightly occurrence.

"It's a city looking for a plan," says the 42-year-old Miller. He came to Lagos almost two years ago when the American consulting firm, Wilbur Smith and Associates, was hired by the UN to design the comprehensive town cleanup. He still grows visibly upset driving around town. "Right before my eyes the problems get worse," he says. With land scarce, squatter villages and landfills pop up in the marshes overnight. "They're illegal as hell but the city government seems powerless to stop them." Miller's 25-man staff has already warned that unless one-fifth of the metropolitan area is preserved as wetlands the hot and humid city will lose what little makes it worth live.

Traffic remains Lagos' most infamous problem. "Go-slows," the Lagos version of rush-hour tie-ups, turn 20-minute trips into four-hour events at the whim of two drivers debating a minor accident. But with the completion of the comprehensive plan six months away, some of the pains have fallen into place. The solution to traffic congestion, recommends the plan, is a 35-mile, \$10-billion elevated train system. The planer team figures another \$20 billion must be spent to build the 17 million low-cost housing units that will be needed by the year 2000. However, the harder questions—what to do about schools, sewers and medical facilities—are not yet fully answered.

Though the new government is headed by members of the Ibibio tribe from the north, they are not likely to use the southern city now. "We won't be Lagos die," an official said. "It is a dangerous town. If something is not done to improve life here, we can expect the residents to explode."

John Blitchcock

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Follow-up

Dogs, that virus is still loose

About a year ago, Madras's (April 19, 1979) warned dog owners of a potentially fatal new disease, canine parvovirus, which, instead of before June, 1978, mysteriously exploded simultaneously in North America, Europe and Australia. A mixture of feline panleukopenia, or cat distemper, the virus could dehydrate and kill a dog in a matter of days. It was predicted that 50,000 Canadian dogs would contract the disease in a wild farm with 3,000 dogs expected to die.

Last fall, blood samples taken routinely from dogs treated at the University of Guelph's small animal clinic in Southwestern Ontario revealed that 30 per cent of dogs had parvovirus antibodies, suggesting exposure to the disease. "This time, two years ago, less than two per cent of the dogs tested positive," says Dr. Charles Povey, associate professor of Guelph's department of clinical studies. "But taking the conservative figure, if it were reflected across the country, more than 600,000 dogs have been exposed to the disease. Until we have a vaccine, the virus will continue to throw up acute and fatal diseases at the same level it is at now, and will become more severe when other stressful diseases cause complications."

The question remains: how did canine parvovirus suddenly appear? The *Australian Veterinary Journal* has suggested openly that a contaminated batch of vaccine or a mutation of a cat vaccine was responsible for the mutant virus. Dr. Donald Katz, head of virology at Pitman-Moore in Washington Crossing, New Jersey, one of the few pharmaceutical companies that export veterinary products to the countries that initially experienced the outbreak, calls it "a remote possibility." Katz claims serial production lots of the vaccine are monitored routinely by the U.S. Department of Agriculture, which has yet to find a bad batch.

Pitman-Moore and other laboratories now are racing to develop an effective canine parvovirus vaccine. It's ironic that the same industry that may have caused the killer disease will also reap the profits from selling the vaccine.

Mike Macbeth

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the president of such a high-profile group as the Advisory Council on the Status of Women is unaware of the NDP's actions and positions regarding women that we have made such a priority in our campaigns and in the House of Commons.

JUDY WASTINGHA LEIS, FEDERAL WOMEN'S ORGANIZER, NDP, OTTAWA

Thank you for printing Denis Anderson's article. Hopefully it will sensitize many readers to women's realities. I would like to point out, however, that she is mistaken in her assumption that general economic issues are of no relevance to women voters—or the even worse implication that women are not capable of grasping the importance of general economic issues in their lives. Ms. Anderson must also be taken to task for her inclusion of the NDP in her generalization about the major parties ignoring women voters. I feel the cause of feminism is only hampered by failure to give credit where it is due.

JO ANNA, PRESIDENT, ALBERTA STATUS OF WOMEN ACTION COMMITTEE, EDMONTON

This is a democratic country with neither military nor political repression, so whose fault is it that 51 per cent of the population has no influence—the politicians? Women have the vote. They have the necessary task with which to

swim on a better life, but they don't use it. Politicians are right. Women, as the whole, tend to vote the name as their husbands. So why bother with a group of people who have such a childlike approach to such an adult situation? Power belongs to her who takes it, and as such as politicians serve a body of people wielding power they will gladly promise them anything they want. That's the name of the game.

KEITH STONE, TORONTO

Essential services

Morris Shumatsky's article *If They Hit, Can They Score?* (Feb. 4) was superb, the message being the essence of all that motivates the "true" Canadian when he or she is a privileged voice casts the ballot to elect a responsible candidate.

KATHERINE M. WORTHINGTON LAKE, VICTORIA, B.C.

Arms and the men

After reading the account of Private (first class) Robby Garwood in your article *Survival of the Fittest* (Jan. 7), I would have been moved to tears if it were not for anger. War, its misery, greed and blind destruction disrupts and infamates us, and at least I, upon reading about yet another victim of its

atrocities, can take pen in hand and vent my frustration. Private Garwood, who allegedly went "over the hill," was not so fortunate. May the almighty courts have mercy on him.

MARLENE HELLER, OTTAWA

Internal evidence

My colleague Harold Clarke, Jane Jensen, Jon Prescott and I were pleased that in his article on Canada's political leaders Roy MacGregor made use of some of the findings regarding political behavior and elections reported in our book *Political Choice in Canada*. However, his statement that issues "mean next to stick" in elections is not supported by our work or by any responsible studies that have been done by professional political scientists on this topic in recent years. Part of our reason for writing our book was to challenge some of these simplistic assumptions about Canadian politics that are too often accepted uncritically by journalists as well as by the public. However, we have clearly not succeeded in Mr. MacGregor's case. In our opinion his selective use of our evidence to support his own poorly founded preconceptions is thoroughly irresponsible.

LAURENCE LUDIC, PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE, WINDSOR, ONT.

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A man with fences to mend

By Ian Anderson

They drafted back to Ottawa in ones and twos last week, the 103 dejected survivors of Joe Clark's Conservative government. Reconciliation was being kept, on the whole, private. "We're all trying to keep the salves from rubbing," said one Marjorie. But the frustration of facing at least four more years in Opposition was not. Congratulations on his victory, a glass Prairie veteran related. "Thanks—I think."

March 3 will be the day of defeat, weighs in on Clark's Tories. That Monday, two weeks after winning his third majority government in five attempts, Pierre Trudeau will be sworn in as prime minister and will unveil his cabinet. While Clark was winding down his government last week and preparing for a long vacation, Trudeau buried himself with reuniting the reins of power. Most critically, he and his staff started conjuring up means to make the western half of the nation feel at home with a central government for which it did not vote.

By week's end, the party that elected no member west of Winnipeg had yet to decide how the three other western provinces might be represented in the new cabinet. With western openings in the Senate, Trudeau had set the luxury of inserting some of his brightest defeated members in the upper chamber, as Clark was able to do for his senior economic minister, Bob de Cotree. One sign of the party's perplexity was the consideration given to running Gordon Gibson, a highly considered but twice-defeated B.C. candidate, in Frontenac, a rural Quebec seat. The vote in Frontenac has been postponed to March 28 because of the death of the Social Credit candidate.

Oddly, the scheme was seen in the Liberal incumbent in Frontenac, Leopold Corbeil. He initially labelled the notion that he might be selected into

vaccinating his seat as "completely false." Added Corbeil: "I can't imagine an anglophone from the West thinking he could run in a Quebec seat. It's like me trying to get a seat in Alberta."

The scheme had been proposed by Senator Ray Perrault, one of three cabinet ministers from B.C. in Trudeau's last government. It had been Perrault

radio survey that showed six out of every 10 callers in favor of separation from the rest of Canada. "But usually it's just the dissidents who call these shows," he philosophized.

In Trudeau's last cabinet, Perrault sat as government house leader in the Senate. He now favors putting B.C. senators into the new Trudeau cabinet as "the only viable alternative."

He admits, however, that the Liberals have talked themselves into a rather tight box on the issue of Senate appointments. Their last denunciations of de Cotree's appointment will now be forgotten. So, for the moment, it seems that the only alternative is to plug the gaps in B.C., Alberta and Manitoba with senators such as Perrault, Jack Austin (a former Trudeau aide), Karl Hanington, David Stewart and Sid Berkowicz. "What else do you do?" asks Lloyd Arroworth, the Winnipeg MP who heads a western caucus that could fit comfortably into the two seats of an old Midget.

But even this scheme does not have the absolute support of the senators who would probably be pressed into service. Senator Bob Olson of Alberta, Trudeau's first minister of agriculture, believes it is wrong to have "bizarre ranking political decisions that affect areas represented by the elected members of Commons." Accordingly, he leans more toward creating an advisory group to promote western interests in Ottawa.

Senator George Van Rengen of Vancouver believes such an idea is unrealistic. "Add-on is not difficult to come by," he argues. "The thing is, can you really have a section of Canada as large as the West out of the cabinet, away from where the real power is?"

Van Rengen, like Leopold Corbeil, downplays talk of Gibson running in Frontenac. "I think it will be looked on by the people of British Columbia as a closer by ball." Corbeil's Perrault: "There's sort of an anti-Quebec feeling in B.C."

There would, however, be ample pre-



and I am reminded that while we face the threat of separation in Quebec, we must not turn our backs on the alienation of the West

who had warned Trudeau's advisers last December that they faced devastation in his province should they bring down the Clark government so soon. It is Perrault who now has to live with such newspaper headlines as the one that greeted The Vancouver Sun after the election: B.C. IN POLITICAL ISOLATION. And it is Perrault who is reminding Trudeau of events such as last week's



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edents far south a strategy, points out Eugene Power, the retired senator and constitutional expert. Macdonald King got his first Liberal cabinet as Quebec representative in 1981 by getting a Quebec MP to resign his seat in Angoulême. King then successfully ran Charles Stewart, the premier of Alberta, in the safe seat. King himself, defeated on more than one occasion, quickly opened a spot in which he could run in eastern Ontario after losing the Muskoka seat in mid-August of Prince Albert in 1985. Says Power, "It's not advisable, it's not particularly helpful, but it can be done."

Schreyer takes on a bedside manner

Governor-General Ed Schreyer was working after dark in Rideau Hall Monday afternoon election day when he suddenly began to feel nauseated. His colorless, greasy skin turned Quebec, and shortly after was checked into Ottawa's National Defence Medical Centre to spend his first night ever in hospital. That evening with his wife, Lily, he watched election returns on a television specially provided for his use, and the next afternoon he underwent emergency bowel surgery.

At first, doctors agreed that the 64-year-old Governor-General had a perforated ulcer, leading speculation that he has been less than delighted with his new job. But Colonel M. H. Grace, chief of surgery at the centre, put paid to that. Schreyer had an acute inflammation of some bowel tissue, a condition that, his physicians can tell anyone anytime. There was no question of stress involved," said Colonel Grace, adding that his patient should suffer no long-term effects.

A grinning Trudeau, Clark, and secretary to the 9-0 demand Butler on route (top right) to see Schreyer. (above), 1988.

Trudeau also has ample precedent for stacking his cabinet with senators. Clark had three. Sir Charles Tupper holds the record—five out of 38 senators being recruited from the Senate. Amid the distractions in Ottawa, Lloyd Axworthy set sail out of Winnipeg Friday to ask the defeated Liberal candidates in the West what they think should be done. With him was Robert Rodotest, the low-key Macdonald MP.

Nevertheless, most of Schreyer's friends say if he is not disappearing he is at least somewhat disappointed with the job he took 13 months ago. He has made only a few major speeches on energy and national unity—subjects close to his heart—spending most of his time on ceremonial duties. And while he said his family here has enjoyed the job, it still lacks the challenge Schreyer craved when he was premier of Manitoba. Friends are hoping things will improve with Pierre Trudeau back in office, since it was Trudeau who appointed him with the promise of a minister role for his vice-regal office. During the long summer at Joe Clark's minister, Schreyer had to content himself with having his picture taken doing colorful things.

Then last week, conceivably he had to spend one of his busiest low days in the vice-regal calendar in bed. Despite a remarkable fast recovery, Schreyer was only allowed two official visitors. Prime Minister Joe Clark on Thursday, whose resignation was accepted, and prime minister-elect Pierre Trudeau Friday, who was called home to form the next government. During Trudeau's call, his two old friends chafed far about an hour and Colonel Grace was



from St. Boniface. Highly touted as a possible replacement for Trudeau, the prime minister is not, however, the sort of politician who will become a prime minister for Francis Liberal that Bas-



A bored-looking Schreyer and high-ranking aide not even had luck of change

consulted after which it was announced the Governor-General would be back home at Rideau Hall to serve in the new government (last Monday March 2)

Shane Bailey

Quebec

The invisible call to arms

When darkness fell across Quebec City last Thursday, the provincial capital's tallest structure—a 30-story government office building—became a surprising beacon for Quebec nationalists: streaked against the night sky was a 300-foot-high 000 spelled out by a careful play of lights and blinds. The prank was the work of Université Laval science students who swapped themselves into the building disguised as cleaners.

There was not the only masquerade in anticipation of Quebec's referendum

than four months away. The Parti Québécois, which denied the referendum scheme, has itself done a curious costume, that of *The Invisible Man*. The PQ, to begin, seemed by a string of clever political deflections, has managed almost to disappear from the referendum campaign. It has carried a clear recommitment to La Fondation des Québécois Pour le Out, on paper an independent, nonprofit group of patriots but in reality a Parti Québécois front intended to, in Premier René Lévesque's word, "disappear" or de-value the referendum movement. The remaining signposts of the foundation is Quebec City attorney Fernand Paré, director-general of La Solidairé Insurance Company. But the 48-year-old Paré was a founding member and first treasurer of the Parti Québécois and was asked by Lévesque to create the regroupment of Yes forces outside the political parties. Wilbroad and tolerant promotion of the government's sovereignty-associated formula for independence is the foundation's most visible work but its most effective has been creative.

Yes committees across Quebec which have recruited dozens of notables to the cause. Often mayors and local business leaders identified as supporters of Claude Ryan's Liberal party, they say they will not stand partisan politics to give the government its desired mandate to negotiate Quebec's political sovereignty and economic union with the rest of Canada. Dignified and eloquent, Paré paid his insurance executive's office Friday and predicted that 50 per cent of Quebecers would vote Yes, influenced in part by the 600 nationally or locally prominent Quebecers who have come forward to identify themselves as pro-government referendum voters. "A great many of these people came to the conclusion that the right step to take was to support the government."

Certainly, in second, the Parti Qué-

becois must appeal to the Quebec patriotism of substantial numbers of Quebecers who chose the Liberals at the last provincial election when the PQ was elected with only 41 per cent of the popular vote. Lévesque says he is counting on the province to show, at the referendum, the same solidarity it demonstrated Feb. 16 when it gave all but one Quebecer riding to Pierre Trudeau's federal Liberals. There appears little doubt that many voters who supported Trudeau as an expression of their solidarity will be drawn by the same sentiment to back their provincial government in the referendum.

Paré's foundation is girding meticulously at provincial patriotism by using as a campaign centerpiece a call to arms by venerable singer Félix Leclerc. "Referendum day, there will be no Liberals," he sings.

But powerful dominant voices within that family—Ryan's and Trudeau's—will make a referendum victory a greater exploit for the government than a great week's must be students.

David Thomas

Out lights up building; no more thieves



British Columbia

Going bananas in lotus land

It was the way a lot of West Coast people reacted—the feeling was one of revolt. The truth was that B.C. voters had surprised themselves. They'd boosted out the Liberals for the first time since 1956, and last week many did not like the result. The normally marginal Conservative B.C. cabinet minister John Fraser warned that a profile western separatist movement "could become very dangerous." Vancouver broadcaster John Reynolds says protest-action culders "went bananas," and during a half-hour radio straw poll voted 2 to 1 to join the West out of Confederation. Penny-ante hangers yelled that the East had sold out the West to the Liberals and the Prince of Wales. B.C. was warned that no one with muscle would be arguing their case to government.

Bruce B.C. Tories, who lost three seats, felt they had behaved like a collective Charlie Brown troupe, beaten, and sore—and the voters had still pulled away the football. Pat Carney, veteran of Vancouver Centre, summed it up: "The party didn't go wrong—the voters went wrong." Freezing New



Victorian Pat Carney: the voters did it

Democrats credit an increasingly powerful provincial machine for their four-seat loss and blame the lack of a machine in Ontario for their losses in that province.

But it's the lack of a powerful cabinet vote that troubles B.C.ers most. At stake are non-threatened Tory promises to turn over offshore mineral rights to B.C. and ended Trudeau threats of a tax on B.C. natural gas exports (worth an estimated \$600 million to the province this year). Although B.C. Tories promised last week to keep some Tory promises, notably a

\$354-million expansion of Prince Rupert grain-handling facilities, their Conservative counterparts snorted derisively at Trudeau's promise to consult with western opposition members.

The apostate remains there, "Who speaks for B.C.?" For the immediate future, aside from a vocal and energetic ramp of B.C. voters, the indisputable answer is B.C. Premier Bill Bennett. That offers little comfort to jittery B.C.ers, who noted that he jettied off to Hawaii in the latter stages of the election, thereby joining Quebec Premier René Lévesque in the dubious distinction of not having bothered to vote.

Thomas Hopkins

Saskatchewan

God has a piece of the action

It seems almost weekly these days that Regina city council sets aside special time to hear the pleas of those usually silent, cross-member groups in search of financial or at least moral support for their pet projects. But when the city fathers in Regina heard Ken Ross's pitch earlier this month they could be excused for the blank stares.

Ross approached council asking for a grant to help him turn his idea into reality. His plan to stage a re-enactment of the crucifixion of Jesus, first at the Centre of the Arts in Regina and then at Saskatoon's Centennial Auditorium. Council, apparently at a loss about how to handle the request, referred it to the city's Arts Policy Commission, even though there was doubt expressed that it necessarily came under the commission's jurisdiction. Not that it really mattered, because money is no money from the city. Ross is guaranteed only his vision. He said he has no doubt that he is receiving some guidance from the Lord, which is all the security he feels necessary to ensure the project is a success.

Ross is a 39-year-old grist farmer from Pense, Saskatchewan, about 20 miles west of Regina. He got the idea to stage the dramatization of the crucifixion after watching the same production while attending Bible school in San Diego last Easter. A group of students went to the re-enactment and Ross was so impressed and moved by the experience that he started thinking about giving the people of Saskatchewan a chance to experience the same thing.

"It would come into my mind every so often and I would just kick it out," says Ross. "But it kept happening so often that I finally realized it was more than just my idea, it had to be the Lord. You get all kinds of ideas through life and you then finally get to the point where you realize what ideas are your own and what ones aren't."

That was two months ago, and the Lord's encouragement was all he needed. With the help of 10 members in his interdenominational prayer group who all agreed it was a great idea, Ross went ahead and booked TDR Productions of San Diego, which does the re-enactments with a cast of 35. Next, Ross booked the Centre of the Arts in Regina for March 31 and April 1 and the Centennial Auditorium for April 2. The shows coincide with Holy Week. Tickets will cost \$5, \$3 and \$1. To give the display a local flavor, Ontario is being flown in, 40 crowd extras will be



Ken Ross will stage re-enactment of the crucifixion. It was the Lord's idea

drawn from southern Saskatchewan.

Ross continuously estimates the bill for the three shows will reach \$25,000 so far he has used \$2,000 of his own and depended on the credit and goodwill of others to put the pieces together.

Moral support, at least, has been coming from almost every church in the city. They have agreed to insert the 30,000 advertising pamphlets Ross has had printed into their Sunday bulletins.

As someone who believes in church unity, Ross draws much personal satisfaction from the general support he has been getting. "I know it will work. It means so much to me that even if I lose some of my own money I won't be disappointed, because when people see it, I know their lives will be changed."

Even though last week he said still not heard the face of his request to Regina council, Ross was unconcerned. He had even dropped plans to make the same appeal in Saskatoon council chambers because, he says, he couldn't have gotten as far as he has on the project without the help of the Lord—which makes civic politics seem pretty unimportant.

Dale Elder

Ontario

New martyrs in old Huronia

By Jim Park

The old red-brick post office in Penetanguishene is an unlikely spot to become a national battleground. But though the town nestles on the sandy shores of Georgian Bay in the heart of single Ontario, 100 miles north of Toronto, its residents are mostly

PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM PARK

French—at least by descent. French Jesuits became martyrs there in the late 1640s. Two hundred years later the first Quebec settlers arrived, complete with priests and then teachers to fill the *frontier village*. Others followed over the years and now the telephone book is filled with Brunelles, Duranos, Robilands. Perhaps 75 per cent of the town's population of 3,400 is of French-Canadian ancestry, yet they are sharply at odds with each other and some of their anglo neighbors over what's going on in the old post office. That's where 50 teenagers are receiving their education entirely in French, delaying—with the approval of their parents—with the approval of their parents—their studies at the regional Simcoe County board of education and the Progressive Conservative government of Premier William Davis that they attend a mixed-language secondary school.

Some Ontario newspapers have taken a special interest in the dispute but for the French-Canadian media, the school—L'École Secondaire de la Huronie—has become a headline-matter. In Ottawa's *Le Droit*, Montreal's *Le Presse* and the influential *Le Devoir* coverage has been intense. Scolding, editorial and cartoons have attacked Davis for his handling of the dispute and Ontario's failure to provide a separate tax-supported high school is

Durand in front of old post office. In between Davis, Stephenson for billboards



The last GASP for a Bricklin

It was a flashy call-colored sports car limited only to motor. Muscle Bricklin, a further half south of the border who left Steven Richard (pictured) in the lurch and the people of New Brunswick, \$19 million poorer for backing its manufacture. The Bricklin, as it turned out, was it not a brilliant idea but that was in the early 1970s and almost forgotten. Now the Bricklin has resurfaced in Winnipeg—and they can't even give them a chance.

The story of the Winnipeg Bricklin goes back almost four years to the holding of a

Fluffy prize: a big bid in the schoolyard



lottery in which it was to awarded as first prize, but for reasons unknown the holder of winning ticket 5316 never claimed the car (then the Group Agency Salesmen, Potlatch). The lottery idea was the funding branch of Raymond Green, 32, a Winnipeg business-mess owner and president of now's then 4-600 members. Working through a contract in Bradford, Ontario, Green acquired two new Bricklins, one orange, one white—for a total cost of about \$30,000. The cars were displayed in shopping malls to help sell tickets at \$2.50 a shot and the draw was scheduled for September, 1975. Green used one of them to drive about to Winnipeg schools, knocking the tobacco habit, with heavy results among students. "It was as if Diablen had arrived in the Disembled," says Green. But the Bricklin gets begin to make their last

Green says some shopping malls refused to showcase the Bricklins because of tobacco industry pressure. Ticket sales slumped, the draw had to be postponed until March, 1977, and even by then only 3,750 tickets had been sold. The big day ticket fiasco when no winner came forward. Subsequently one Bricklin was sold and the whole exercise—counting all costs—ended with only \$200. Green the Bricklin was for a winner to turn up, the proposition became largely useless and last week, a court order confirmed that the last Bricklin be sold and the proceeds given to another charity.

The court president—who says he is still suffering from smoker-caused headaches—wrote he will appeal the decision. But all the time the Bricklin itself has been parked in a car members' garage. Green says it's like a dead battery and the doors—"the sort of doors you see in Star Wars"—will don't work.

John Hingle

French Quebec Premier René Lévesque has cited it as another example of benign neglect of francophone minorities outside his borders. Earlier this year Lévesque spoke in Toronto, warning a loyal better that simply reach bilingual. That didn't warm the heart of Davis, who sees himself as a mediator in the national unity debate.

Headquarters for the controversy is a cluster of etched offices where francophone students meet with their tutors in the former post office, no longer from the federal government for use as a French cultural centre. The centre's coordinator, Lucie Dorion, 31, fields questions between phone calls from Ottawa, Toronto and across Ontario. He's on loan to the school as administrator and chief spokesman. He blames Davis and Education Minister Bette Stephenson for the growing bitterness, accusing the government of stalling and refusing to lower its commitments to French-language education.

Downstairs, a school bell rings and a jubilation starts up. It's lunchtime, and students are taking a break from their books and correspondence courses. Nicole Marchand, 18, says there's a real contrast between the atmosphere she's now in and the one she experienced for two years at the large regional high school a few blocks away. She says she chose the all-French school for three reasons: "I wanted to converse in French. I wanted to help out the francophones of Ontario as they wouldn't have been in light for what is their livelihood. And I wanted a change, because there really was no spirit at Penzanceburg Secondary School."

Five subjects are taught in French now at P&S—francophone, history, geogra-

phy, math and science. It was the battle to get these five subjects considered, one at a time over a period of almost a decade, that made people like Dorion and Nicole Marchand decide that they needed their own "separate and distinct" school on its own property. Otherwise, they language would be lost, they say, at an institution where English dominates the corridors.

There have been earlier battles over francophone education rights in Penzanceburg, but this latest battle started with the creation of the Bruce County board of education in 1969. It's an amalgamation of small rural and community boards whose trustees and their elec-

tors are overwhelmingly English, and to them the taxpayers of Penzanceburg are a small minority—if a loud one. The board merged several district schools within Penzanceburg Secondary School, including a French high school at nearby LaFramboise, but there are three French elementary schools in the area, whose 900 students, say some parents and teachers, will wind up different in both official languages if they must graduate in 1991.

Gilles Maurus, a furniture store operator and a "bringer" of the little post office school, with three children enrolled, says the public board has its eye on the single voters, and the province "doesn't want to give the doors to other minorities—English or French. People should respect our rights. I can understand people don't want their taxes to go up, but we're simply asking for a school for students who want it and not for those who don't. I've seen a fantastic difference in my kids since they've been there. There's more pride in their language, their heritage."

More than three years of negotiations have led only to milestones. A 1978 study of attitudes, needs and costs proved inconclusive. Last October Education Minister Stephenson, citing costs, proposed an annex to the existing P&S, a "school within a school" with its own administration and teaching staff. That met with jeers from parents and students alike who claimed that it was less than they had already turned down. So francophone members of the county's French Language Advisory Committee generally said: A group calling itself *Généralistes* for *Renouveau* Unity was writing letters to newspapers opposing a new school because francophones were asking for "too much."

Penzanceburgers were amazed, although many of its members are of French heritage, began talking about using a zoning bylaw to force the school out of the old post office. Recently the dispute turned ugly when two people—a board member and the mayor, a founder of the citizens' committee opposed to the school—received anonymous death threats by telephone. Three days later, the Ontario board of education voted to cut off all disbursement of a French school with anyone except ministry officials and ruled that "the entire matter... be referred to the government of Ontario."

That now seems the last hope for everybody. The latest word on the matter comes from ministry spokesman Neal Rowley who says the whole question has top priority at Queen's Park. As one resident, himself of French descent, said last week: "I don't think we need the school. But I wish to tell they'd resolve the issue once and for all, one way or the other."



Francophone pupils in former Penzanceburg P&S, a curious outpost, their cause: a language lost where English dominates



Business

Daydreams after nightmares



Bury is seated at Toronto Stock Exchange and (clockwise) Boney, Pichardo, Bousquet attempting out the embarrassment



In the heated late afternoon, the situation appeared to be more than merely dramatic. Last week's astonishing electoral victory of Pierre Trudeau and the Liberal party, more than merely re-installing Western Canada from the mainstream of government, also seemed a sign of the flow to the business community, many of whose firms would members had made it abundantly clear they opposed another swing to the left in Canadian political and economic affairs. Indeed, a pre-election survey by *The Financial Post* of more than 800 chief executive officers of major Canadian corporations revealed that almost three-quarters of the nation's top executives supported the Progressive Conservative policies—including the budget—of prime minister Joe Clark. That is indication enough of a election-night reaction in many homes throughout the West-mounts, Rosedale, Mount Royal and Shanghaing of the nation. "The band leader's going to collapse, the stock market will go all hell and the bottom's going to drop right out of the dollar," was the muttered reaction of one Toronto stockbroker awaiting such as the Ontario results began to circulate the collapse of Tory rule.

If he was right about the liquid mar-



ket, he was wrong about everything else. In the days following the re-enthronement of Pierre Trudeau, Canada's business community reacted with a surprising surge of buoyancy and confidence. Following several days of pre-election jitters, the nation's stock markets, led by Toronto, jumped forward while the dollar made gains on international money markets even without an immediate move by Bank of Canada Governor Gerald Boney to push interest rates higher in locking with a jump in the U.S. prime rate earlier in the week. In short, partisan preferences aside, the business community liked the sheer fact of a majority government—no matter whose.

Business also recognizes that the Liberals, by the end of their previous term, had already begun to shift away from the costly free-spending approach of their earlier years—major costs of the

homegrown government deficit which the Tories, in their sorrow, tried to make a central plank in their platform—and that greater fiscal prudence is undoubtedly the order of the day from Trudeau in the 1980s. Though some may see it as hyping, the Liberals will be able to—and, well have to—introduce many of the harsher budgetary measures that caused the defeat of the PCs. Reassured Carl Boney of Montreal's C.D. Howe Institute predicts the Liberals will have to bring in a budget quickly—and a tough one—including higher taxes and energy prices. This, after all the outraged incoherence tears over the budgetary jukes of former justice minister John Gaudin who paraded the wage Trudeau's plans at this point remains undefined and open-ended—though encouraging Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed into a new emergency pricing agreement is the most

proving and difficult task. Straightening out the mess—indeed the international embarrassment—of Canada's stolen energy assets is a task that requires a strong and clear leadership. The government's role in restoring investor ownership is central to rebuilding the country, including the corporations involved with exploration and development, with a sense of direction. "Naturally we're hoping for an enlightened policy regarding frontier oil and gas exploration," says Donat Proulx, President William Richards, whose Calgary firm was a major beneficiary of the previous Liberal government's tax scheme known as "super depletion"—an investment shelter favoring corporations and wealthy individuals which Crozier's Tory helped, so convincingly, to kill.

Business- and economy-watchers this week are awaiting the first signs of the new Liberal direction through key cabinet appointments—notably the finance ministry—with both right- and left-leaning Liberals who are potentially eligible for the job. Whatever line taking the new Liberal government adopts, the business community seems generally of the opinion that solid, and tough, fiscal and monetary management is what Canada needs most during the immediate months ahead.

Anthony Whittingham

Sugar and spice and everything nice

The company is a chocolate-coated piece of Canadiana. Its candy-makers created the country's first lollipop, fire-vent chocolate bar, and that particular Atlantic favorite, the *easy* Chalken Snow. For more than a century, Gensec Bros. Limited of St. Stephen, New Brunswick, has had a tiny but notable claim on Canada's collective sweet tooth. Gensec may not be the best-known name at candy counters around the country, but it's a company pushing for wider recognition and bigger sales—as a new advertising path just started in Ontario.

Founded as a small fudge and candy business in 1912 by James Ganong, later joined by brother Gilbert, the company has proved to be as durable as its trademark and as independent as taffy—still, in an industry lately characterized by take-over and merger, 90-per-cent-controlled by its own inflexible management. The days are long gone when Ganong scoured Europe and North America for skilled and indolent-southern candy-makers and had 300 employees over-all, but even today, with its candy-making largely automated, the company has a payroll of \$50 and an address in the small town of St. Stephen (population, 5,200).

The old Ganong factory, built in 1862 and with a dozen add-ons since, is a



President David Gering (left), uncle and Chairman Wladimir Gering, (below) hand-dipping chocolates, three pounds a day



snare Sundayland come to life. An off-camera sweetness pervades the labyrinthine structure. Here a whirling scene after chunks of sausage, over the next-on-sterile-like machine costs police with sugar, elsewhere two white frocked women, chocolate-coated their elbows, sit hand-dipping candy in one of the few such operations remaining anywhere. A legend with these walls is A.D. Garing, son of the founder, who was with the company 25 years, at three pounds of candy a day and lived to be 80. "He had the most remarkable taste I've ever seen," recalled his son Whidden. "You couldn't change a formula on him. He'd discover it within a week."

These days the company's day-to-day operations are presided over by yet another Ganang, Whaldeen's nephew, Deo, who has continued a process of automating the company, begun in the early 1970s. The refurbishing seems to be working: Glassco's dollar sales have tripled in the past decade.

Ganong marden have always sold well in the Atlantic provinces and the West. But by the late '80s, says David Ganong, the company had "reached a point where we had to make a decision either

to be a regional producer or to expand our business and become more national in nature." Choosing the latter course, Gunning has hired eight new salesmen for Ontario and launched a vigorous advertising campaign. "We'll have to be astute, but we think we have the opportunity to obtain part of that Central Canadian market."

[illegible]

The candy business requires its entrepreneurs to be a heartbeat ahead of the season. Last week, as Easter candies and even a few Christmas Choceros rolled off production lines back home, a Genseg team was on the road showing salesmen and distributors the latest in heart design—for St. Valentine's Day. 1992. **David Folstein**

David Folster

Smokey and the bandits?

Planning a major move? A respite through the Yellow Pages. One day or two of painstaking comparative price-shopping to find the right mover could turn out to be a waste of time, judging from charges laid by the federal government last week against five of Canada's largest moving-and-storage services. In one of those sublime ironies of timing, two days after a chest-pounding announcement of the new "moving industry" standards by the moving industry ("Start your objective is to look after the little guy"), the five largest companies in the business were charged in a Toronto court for conspiracy to fix prices throughout Canada during a 27-year period starting in 1968—historically considered a criminal offense under the Competition Investigation Act, the Canadian equivalent of the U.S. Sherman Act. In fact, the charges were more than that, inasmuch as



Five Erma charged bodies lying around

share of action during the past couple of months.

Waples' integrity moves may well be far from a laudable if the alleged investigation amongst Allied, United, North American, Aero Mayflower and Aeromarine companies, along with two moving associations, all located in the Toronto area and operating nationwide. But before overcharged furnishings and appliances are sold to the public, the Canadian Combines Act for bringing offenders to justice, they should review the record in 10 major companies producing in the past eight years, only four have resulted in convictions. Not only that—because of the complex and unwieldy legal procedure involved, the cases often take years to investigate and still more years to prosecute. Some of the more serious cases still unresolved by the Attorney General's office, the federal agency, lasted 11 years starting in 1967, and now it is on appeal to the

**Sir Alexander
Graham Bell**

[illegible]

percentage points in salary beginning positions, and having already been through one round of consolidation, management and labor appear to expect and no settlement is yet in sight. Angry bumper stickers are dropping up across Ontario. As well, is a Tenth column.

Tard, and weep, but not asleep. Last week, Mr. Lall went cap in hand to the Canadian Radio-Television and Telecommunications Commission asking for a rate-of-return cap for consumers already so pleased with the service they've been getting. Lall wants a 50-per-cent increase for residential customers and a whopping 35 per cent for commercial users. There are of course no guarantees that the Commission will, unless promptly overruled by a higher court, grant his request. But Lall is a high-ranking officer in a publicly traded company and, though regulated as a utility, it is the largest company in Canada. Thus, Lall and properly it needs an appropriate return on investment. Indeed, some nations have a rate-of-return cap for utilities, but not high enough. Not much chance the commission will agree with that. On a last position two years ago for 20 per cent

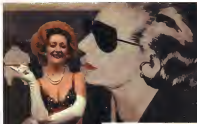


Last week's charges against the various ports on precisely how difficult it is to preserve the intangibles of commercial transactions where, as Ronald says, "you don't have bodies lying around" as evidence. Despite voluminous files seized in the lengthy investigation, justice department lawyers have advised against charging individual executives along with their companies, because, as he explained to *Money's*, he needs the testimony of the so-called "bombs to move the case." Whatever happens, the case is sure to muddle through the courts with the speed of a 10-wheeler, while the companies involved continue to move a lot of people in the meantime. **Rich Chazan**



The first time Toronto actress Wendy Thatcher performed the stuporous section of *Burlesque* Maeda's play *A Mad World, My Master*, director Don McKelvey told her she was playing it too rap. Thatcher's reluctance to march it up the risers played about the English class system may have been out of respect for the woman she portrays in the act of duobing—British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. Wendy T., who is no relation to Attila the Hun, took her director's advice. "He told me to play her more like the... the wife of the 55," recalls first-time theater Thatcher, 36, who rehearsed her dress-down with local dancer Margaret Duppa. Thatcher also mimics Queen Elizabeth, but Her Royal Highness keeps her clothes on. "After the prime minister," admits Thatcher, "the Queen feels like a letdown."

Canadians believe a man who said, "The twentieth century could be the century of Canada." Apparently so. In 1974, none other than Sir Wilfrid Laurier predicted Pierre Elliott Trudeau's defeat in a future election and—remarkably—his subsequent re-election. Madame Paul Davis, the Winnipeg clairvoyant who conjured up Laurier's spirit for Marston's six years ago, has succeeded again. "Trudeau walks in my shoes," Laurier told Madame blind from the Great Beyond. "His overriding concern is to unite the provinces. His immediate objective is to bring the constitution back from England. He will govern in the '80s with more feeling and, though Trudeau wants to move politics in two years, destiny won't let him." Laurier says Trudeau will be in power for five years and "only then will he be succeeded by a short, wide-shouldered, gray-haired man who has worked closely with him in the past. The new leader will win the subsequent election, but only with a minority. Within two or three years he will be replaced by a survivor who deserves a role in Canada's history.—Joe Clark"



Thatcher: Attila the Hun meets her

After meeting Ottawa's Senzary Koffman, the late John Wayne suggested, "If Koffman lived in the States, he'd be a star." The unrelentingly Daze, Victor Borga, pronounced Koffman "the funniest man in the world." All this, yet 67-year-old Koffman has never formally appeared as a comedian, choosing instead to serve as his vibrant owner of Ottawa's celebrity waterglobe, the Belle Claire Hotel, which closed in 1974. Koffman's debut is finally happening at Toronto's new Royal Ritz Imperial Room, where he was guided by friend and theater star Thompson. The Corned Beef King Wint makes Senzary

fun? Well, one of his jokes involves having Aspinall placed on every table. "Give her an Aspinall now," Koffman instructs the males in the audience, "so she won't tell you she has a headache later on." John Wayne would have laughed.

When California-based Canadian TV/music producer Alan Thicke and his wife, singer Gloria Loring, discovered that their five-year-old son has diabetes they decided to try something different to raise research funds for the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation. The result is a hit single that evokes Thicke's recording



Thicke: Alan Thicke and his wife Gloria Loring

talent with his passion for hockey. Side effects: *Healey Soul Rock*, performed by an unlikely quartet of New York Rangers hockey players, and on the flip side there's a *Pinus Porpus* No. 11 record. Last Night sang by a trio of punk-bros from the Los Angeles Kings. Despite the singing of Phil Spector and Muzak, the record has sold more than 100,000 copies. The sound on the record is exceptionally

slip, since Thicke enlisted the aid of associates who usually back up Barry Manilow, Don Casabianco, Yoni Yaskin and Jackson Browne.

Though Anne Murray will not, after all, be joining Miss Peggy in a duet of Sweeney in her March 5 appearance on *The Muppet Show*, Murray does sing *Sweeney*, *Black Rubber Boots* and *Everytime I'm in New Again*. The show also features Karott falling off a skateboard, while Miss Peggy toddlers around in black leather on a two-wheeled "hovey." "We got along just fine," Murray says about her encounter with the puppet superior. "I'm the girl next door and she's all Hollywood. I've got the voice and she's got the looks." The next Canadian up for grabs with the Muppets is Manitoba-born musician Doug Henning, who is said to do a great disappearing pig act.

Murray and Miss Peggy: voice and looks



"It's enough to make your hair stand on end," says conductor Boris Brott, whose schedule this year has more links than a Toni hair permance. Along with conducting sold-out concerts for the Hamilton Philharmonic, the 35-year-old maestro has been behind the baton for Jack Jass's series *The Police*, and soon starts on Wilks and Glee Productions' *Great Artists in Concert* series featuring the likes of Peter Dinklage, Stephanie Grappoli, Tullio Sforza and, possibly, Luciano Pavarotti. There is also the conductor of the CBC orchestra in Winnipeg, which recently told André Previn's *Cello Concerto* for CBC Radio Week at the end of

February. After a few concerts in France this March, Brott will return to Canada to pick up the "brassy contralto" pace once again. "Conductors are like charlatans," he says about his chosen-to-pop work load. "So long as the music is good it doesn't matter to me whether it's Marvin Hamlisch or Beethoven that I'm conducting."

Brott: making his hair stand on end



It's hard to be in the position to say "no comment," but the negotiations are very delicate," says Le Pressé journalist Jean Pelletier, who broke the story of Archbishop Kue Taylor's "Canadian Capers" last month. Pelletier's current negotiations have nothing to do with hostages in or out of Iran, rather they concern the rewriting of the heroic tale as a made-for-TV movie. Pelletier went to Hollywood to discuss the project with CBS and ABC, but he won't say anything about casting, directing, scripting or timing. What Pelletier will confirm is that he will receive a high five-figure sum for his involvement—and in the meantime he's working on a book.

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Perhaps words take time. It's not unusual for today's musicians simply to spew forth lights and stream while pushing quarters by the handful—the latter machine to hit Canada actually takes while it chews your money. Williams Electronics Inc. of Chicago powered the talking pants, *Gorgas*. "He's computer programmed to say seven words and then eight phrases," says company spokesman Nancy Goodwin. So far Gorgas's most popular sayings among diaper-fanciers are, "Me Garg, but me!" and "You got me. Me got you." Gorgas's grammar may not be up to scratch, but he's got heart. As a player begins accumulating vast numbers of points, a wildly thumping beat emanates from the machine. "That's because Gorgas is afraid," explains Goodwin.

Emphatic Czech author Josef Slivovsky has won this year's Neustadt International Prize for Literature, granted by the University of Oklahoma. Slivovsky's best-known works in Canada are his 1958 novel, *The Gypsies*, and *The Blue Scapular*, a book of two novellas published from his Toronto base in 1977. Slivovsky was the \$10,000 prize over German author Günter Grass, and he plans to use the money to help finance a year of research on the first Czechoslovakian Artistic Bureau agent in the U.S. during the 1930s. He has also completed his first novel set in Canada, *Emperor of Human Souls*. The title quotes Joseph Stalin's definition of writers, but Slivovsky's style is irreverently "the other," he says. "I'm a man who gropes his way."

Edited by Marsha Boulton

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The troubled Olympics

By Hal Quinn

"Well, anything's better than going to school."—Steve Collins, 35, Canadian ski jumper at Lake Placid

The faces in the crowd were drawn as the XIII Winter Olympics came to a close. The tired wanderers of Lake Placid's Main Street, by now immune to the NOlympics and the LETHARGIC SKIERS, faded on the sidewalks at the award ceremony site and speculating on the ticket scalpers were taking, and not getting, \$100 for two \$50 seats at what were once thought to be the events. Tourists eagerly sought only ways to leave town early as sleepers counted the days until the end, just as they had counted the days before they welcomed the world.

Hinden (right) and the U.S. hockey team scoring against the Soviets. NOlympics



NOlympics: COLLINS



The visitors departed clinging to moments of excitement, only fully understood by the Europeans moving them. To the North American majority, hockey had been familiar, given seating by the Centerville U.S. team's amazing 4-0 win over the U.S.S.R., glimpses of Alpine events, exciting, figure skating beautiful, however incomprehensible its scoring, speedskating almost monotonous but still inspiring thanks to the unprecedented five gold medals won by the Games' undisputed star, American Eric Heiden, the ski jumping and bobbsledding on a par with motor racing—in a vicious flirtation with disaster. But cross-country skiing, however admirable, was a boring spectacle sport, as was the biathlon. And the luge, a laid-back sleigh ride down an ice track, was best summed up by one jaded New Yorker—after spending \$75 in travel and tickets to see it, he said, "The first thing I'm going to do when I get home is get the Olympic logo tattooed on my chest—because I don't want my friends to think coming to Lake Placid was the dumbest thing I've ever done."

The harmonious and staged harmony of the closing ceremonies and the salute to the Games planned for Sarajevo, Yugoslavia, in 1994 could not dispense the question in most people's minds: "Were these the last Winter Games?" In the

chaos and disorganization of the first week, amid shouts of "Cartier, you're boycotting the wrong Games," the International and U.S. Olympic Committees trumpeted their devotion to the press as, outside, a small-town Adirondacks mentality confronted the demands for service and the immediacy of an athletic invasion—and lost. As a \$600,000 addition to bus services preceded the Games from after transportation chaos in week 2, President Jimmy Carter's Feb. 29 deadline for the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Afghanistan came and went. As the boys and girls of winter played on, the Summer athletes trained, and pondered their politicians.

In Lake Placid, Feb. 29 was just another non-cumulative Olympic day, if perhaps a little warmer than others. The date was noted in Washington on the other side of the hemisphere, by politicians in Britain, Australia and Canada supporting Carter's call for a boycott of the Summer Games in Moscow. But the Soviet troops stayed on in Afghanistan, and the USSR had already declined to respond to Carter's demand for a quick decision. It wasn't decided before its annual meeting April 15, perhaps not until the Oct. 24 deadline for accepting or rejecting invitations to Moscow. The majority of national Olympic committees will do the same, including Canada's. "We won't make any decision before our annual meeting, which is after the Americans," said Dick Pound,

president of the Canadian Olympic Association. "We're not going to take a stand that could be rendered foolish or obsolete by time." The IOC delegates and Olympic committees are in unanimous agreement that Carter's boycott proposal was "heartily received, showing an inadequate understanding of the workings of international sport and the Olympic movement," according to Pound.

Setting Olympic records in his first four gold-medal races, Heiden shattered the world record by 6.2 seconds in winning his fifth, the 10,000-meter. "That was the last winter record I ever thought I'd break," he said in a packed, admiring press conference. "8—, 1

Head (left) and the skiers part of Whistler and Deerfield, stuck in the judges' minds



don't think the medals are anything special—you can't do anything with them. I'd rather get a good warm-up suit—I could use that." Heiden was confident that even his phenomenal performance won't attract Americans to speedskating. "Yeah, it's pretty boring. North Americans are into contact sports like hockey. 8—, the 10,000 meters, I don't know how many of these people can stay on that seat watch it." (His time was 14 minutes, 28.66 seconds.)

After achieving what no one had done before, Heiden said the greatest sporting accomplishment he had ever seen was the U.S. hockey team's 4-3 victory over the U.S.S.R. "That was something special." And it was the streets of Lake Placid witnessed a rebirth of nationalistic pride, while U.S. hockey coach



COLLINS: COLLINS; HINDEN: HINDEN

To boycott or not to boycott . . .

Even with the two-trillion evidence of boycott campaign speeches, it remained a guess whether the new Liberal cabinet would—like Joe Clark—head President Jimmy Carter's call to boycott the Moscow Games. Washington is Feb. 20 deadline for removal of Soviet troops from Afghanistan posed with only a caretaker Tory government in Ottawa. Carter, like everyone else, was waiting to hear Canada's stand.

Clark won some of his best campaign crowd reactions by opposing to Carter's call on the boycott issue. "This is no link for a Canadian leader to be confused who our real friends are," Trudeau, by contrast, was cautious. Without resorting to words about the separation of sport and politics, he simply questioned whether the boycott would work without very broad



The Canadian presence at Lake Placid just now may be enough?

international support. "I think this kind of symbolic gesture is only effective if it shows there is a massive participation not only by Western nations but also by Third World nations," said Trudeau on the last day. Looking support from poor countries, a boycott would lead Moscow to claim that a few capitalist countries because they knew they were going to lose the Games,

didn't want to come. But all those countries who believe in the rights of man, all these Third World countries like with all the athletes. And the boycott itself will be seen against Trudeau's earlier position. The Clark, as prime minister, said he'd support Washington in other contexts.

Canadian diplomats were frank to say they didn't know how many countries it would take to meet Trudeau's demands of mass participation, nor how many Third World participants he wants to keep

The U.S. state department last week counted 23 countries publicly backing the boycott, and another 25 sympathizing in private. Is that enough? "We don't know the answer," replied one Canadian official at week's end.

U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance put his next to Canada's ambassador in Washington, Peter Town, on Friday. Boycott backers by then included such particularly persuasive friends as Britain, Norway, the Netherlands, Austria, New Zealand and Japan, along with China and a clutch of African countries. Still unconvinced and taking a less similar to Trudeau's own were West Germany, France and Italy.

Once in office, Pierre Trudeau's ministers must consider the real questions behind the alternative: "boycotting" and the boycott meant to do? The logic driving the Soviets from Afghanistan will it cause Moscow to do in its back in Kabul? Moving a moral point against aggression is always comforting but it would be dangerously self-righteous if it makes the price more difficult to keep.

John Hay



Herb Brooks called it "the greatest victory in the history of U.S. hockey," eclipsing the U.S. gold win at the Squaw Valley Olympics in 1980. With just a win over Finland separating the Americans from a 1989 Gold medal, the team sang God Bless America after defeating the Soviets.

But apart from Haden's triumph and the U.S. hockey team's stunning success, the Lake Placid Olympics were an American tragedy. The much heralded skating pair of Tai Babel and Randy Gardner were forced to withdraw when Gardner injured a groin muscle, and few others lived up to their massive hype.

The chief victim was Eric's speedskating partner, Bob Haden. Only in America could disinterested sports shows WE ARE READY and WE MADE IT show the mounting evidence to the con-



trary, or a 20-year-old is asked if she had lost her fighting spirit after she had just won a bronze medal. Tearsy-eyed, voice cracking, she said that when the pre-Olympic hype started, she had to ask herself, "Is this sport worth it?"

For the moment, it is for Gustav Boucher, the Canadian silver medalist in the 1,000-metre speedskating. "I don't mind all this sudden attention," said the 23-year-old from St. Pie, Quebec, "because you wait so long for it. But it makes me laugh that people are surprised at my medal. I have been in the top three in the world the last three years, second in this event for two years!" But for Eric Heiden, Boucher would have had a gold. Following his victory over the fleet Canadians, Haden said, "I was very happy to be paired with Gustav. He has a great start, a good 600 metres, and I can look over at him and know where I stand against the rest of the world." Boucher smiled on hearing that. "He came up beside me after, tapped me on the knee and said, 'Good luck. He is responsible to beat this year, but I wish he wasn't going to retire. I know I can't beat him, and I'd like to beat him someday.' Boucher feels his

Stemmen and (opposite) Canada's Newman both believe in 'always bloody questions'

attitude is not shared by all Canadian competitors. "They come [back and say, 'That's okay, and they keep coming 18th. They have to work, much more. I know I could win the silver but if I was always going to be second, I would give it up'"]

The Canadian figure skating dance pair of Lorne Whitson and John Dowling are thinking of giving it up—if their world status remains static. "Coming into the Olympics we were ranked sixth," said Dowling, "and in the judges' minds, that's where we're stuck." They finished sixth. If the Taiwans, Masov and White House political swirl set the stage for these Games, that show would close after the first night on the floor of competition from the polarized show within the "open" of figure skating. For Canadian singles champion Heather Kenkema, the political headlines came first and rear. Standing 16th after compulsory figures, she said, "I looked at my figures—I was totally happy, they were some of the best I've earned, but I was marked down. Like everyone else, I'm just sitting in line until the judges decide it's my turn to get the marks." She won't be in line at the upcoming world championships. Tracy Wutzman, 12, who finished third behind Kenkema in the Canadian championships, will skate. Canadian officials have admitted that, among other reasons, Wutzman is going because they want the judges "to get to know her." Kenkema is better. "I guess some people have to work for what they get, and some have it handed to them."

At least on the old slopes it was straightforward communications, and at the hockey rink old-fashioned partnerships. Ken Beaulieu's Salomon binding released at Gate 2 in the downhill race in week 3, erasing his favored chances.

The announcers of the victors

There are mistakes, and there are mistakes. Viewers tuning in to Olympic coverage from Lake Placid could watch with horrified fascination as Canadian, American and Soviet commentators, reporters and technicians who needed the theory to be proven were faced with a constant dilemma—where is the next story?

Right to cover the Olympic Games have become one of the jockey positions in television and the Lake Placid Olympic Organizing Committee sold these rights for a flat \$19.130.000. The buyers included CBC (with 73% hours of coverage), ABC (with 51%) and networks in Europe. South American and Japan think it's a money-spinning game of commercial arbitrage on NBC pays for about \$125.000 a day a news wire in Lake Placid a month before the opening ceremonies. But even some of the best-laid plans went awry. Says sports public-

Steve Podbraski's Tyrone. Haddings went to the bottom with his on his bronze-medal run. "Yeah, it's money," said Rod. "If Steve withheld to Salomon bindings then we'd all like the Canadian men's team to be on there and we'd love Tyrone's fee." European viewers estimated that the downhill gold would be worth about \$75,000 to Austrian Leander Stock, in endorsements and "time payments."

Leaving the downhill to the Czech Republic and the Austrians, Sweden's Ingemar Stenmark ("Questions, always bloody questions," he said, turning his back on reporters), who few doubt earned more than \$500,000 a year as an "athlete," was quietly about winning a gold in his 1983 disappointing plant-skiing victory, and another gold in the slalom ahead of American Phil Mahre. An American skier, Hans Wenzel (for Liechtenstein's first golds over the slalom and giant slalom, with Can-

Boucher (left) accepts his silver medal apologetically for removed from Afghanistan



could feet heels as the public transport system broke down entirely. The flow needs of media commentators, reporters and technicians who needed the theory to be proven were faced with a constant dilemma—where is the next story?

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Planning ahead for XV Olympics

Some haunting sheets reminiscent of the 1984 Sarajevo Yugoslavia. Calgary was chosen last October as the Canadian Olympic Association's selected bid for the 30th Games. Now looking forward to the 100's first bidding in September next year. Calgary is in a perfect competition with Garmisch-Partenkirchen (Germany) and Innsbruck (Austria) for the bid. The bid is now in the hands of the International Olympic Committee. At this stage, of course, it's of tentative.

The Alberta government has yet to approve plans for the 1994, during which a 1994 Lake Placid chairlift, Approx. Minor Lake, Main Street home with Olympic tourists, here at Calgary House the bid goes on for the 1988 Winter Games.

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Waiter, is this pasta official?

A least 100 complaints paid tribute to the marketing prowess of being "official supplier" to the Lake Placid Winter Olympics. It's a pity to see why the Games people would want to designate their official suppliers, TV networks, sponsors, caterers or developers promote their own products or the venue owners. That's how the right road on low tracks passing through the village. Among other food pleasures were the official suppliers of restaurants, bakeries and caterers, margaritas, mops, bananas, pasta, hot sauce and jams, and other items. But with the official prices in force throughout the Games, the most important designations were probably the official credit card. Few could make it back home without it.

ade's Kathy Krewer a pleasantly surprising fifth, sixth and 16th, placing her fourth overall.

The team (with 18-year-old Terry O'Malley) trailing along from the "crash of hockey," as Sergei L'vich calls Canada, left medal-line in fifth place, but with pride almost intact. After finishing its chances with a loss to Finland, the Canadian hockey team had the fanfare crowd behind the first cheer for the opposition and chanting "Go Canada, Nyet Nyet Soviet!" as it took a 2-1 lead over the heavily favored U.S.S.R. team. But lapses—which allowed the Soviets to score with 15 seconds left in the second period, twice in 30 seconds and once from behind the net in the third—cost Canada any medal hope.

But two days later, the collective, glove-muffled applause and frost-bitten cheers that greeted Heiden's gold medal finisher's medal the arena-heated fever that swept the team as it skated out to meet the Soviets.

Roaring above the political intrigue and back-room chess, Steve Colton, the 15-year-old, five-foot-three, 165-pound ski jumper from Thunder Bay, leaves the arena with the Olympic torch.

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BILL MACVIE

Uncle Sam in need of friends

By Richard Vokey

The decor in the Bangkok bar is oriental, the women subtle and for sale. But an American intelligence operative has other things on his mind—Cambodian supply lines, the so-called Free Khmer forces there and how "Our Boys" (the Royal Thai Army) aren't scared of the "Goldenfleece

news" (the Vietnamese) whose powerful war machine is parked a few hours' drive away on the Cambodian border. Next day the top of a giant European arms manufacturer unfolds a full-color catalogue over lunch and predicts a "seller's market" in the 1980s.

Months at Sukhoi Bay: noble women, missing words and a futile bid for support



And did Lenin invent the wheel?

A's relations between the United States and the Soviet Union continue to decline the old "Cold War mentality" is taking over the bureaucracy. The most blatant example to date came recently when the U.S. decided to affect that both sides should carry on selling the most exclusive in school books.

For more than 50 years, intentionally or inadvertently, high-school history and social studies texts in the two countries have been edited more for their inaccuracy than for their scholarship. That two years ago when defense was still a high-priority effort, teams of scholars from both nations joined in a "textbook study project." The idea was to eliminate some of the mistakes they swapped books studied there met several times and were scheduled to clinch the revision at a March meeting to be held in Moscow. Washington

A seventh-grade class in Moscow: rifle-take in the books from ally to serious



Months pass. The Soviet Union invades Afghanistan. At Sukhoi Bay, Philippines, U.S. Marines go through rough and ready paces for network TV cameras during a "photo opportunity" on route to the Persian Gulf region. Meanwhile Admiral Robert Long, American commander-in-chief in the Pacific, is in Manila. His whiter reflecting the television lights, his long smoking Seventh Fleet shipowner, he intimates that the Soviets had better not mess with the United States Navy.

Such scenes, evocative of the Vietnam War era's "shame" or "hot" mentality, have become increasingly frequent in Southeast Asia. However, they are hardly indicative of current realities. That, at least, was the general impression in the region last week after the latest American attempt to reanimate atrophied alliances and perhaps stir up some old-fashioned public support for Uncle Sam.

Dispatched by President Jimmy Carter to the capitals of the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN), Richard Holbrooke, assistant secretary of state for East Asia and the Pacific, was more politely than enthusiastically received. There was no ambiguous success—a slight hardening of the Philippine line which may cause it some trouble with its head allies. Yet even the Philippines, while respecting American neutrality, saw no profit in tweaking the nose of either the Soviets or their tough and tough Vietnamese clients. By the time Holbrooke headed for

Hanoi, it was obvious that only a time machine could bring back the days when South Korea, Asian governments viewed U.S. interests as parallel to their own and Washington could easily command their confidence and commitment.

Holbrooke's assignment was clear-cut, in light of the American presidential election and Washington's desire to promote a new image of American resolve, a tough transparent. Following up on National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski's "we're-heretoday" long into Pakistan, Clark Clifford, overvalued coming of Indian Gandhi and Defense Secretary Harold Brown's arms procession in Peking, he was to reaffirm American commitments to the military security of the ASEAN free-Indonesian, Malaysia, Singapore, Thailand and the Philippines. Unsettled but implacable, were American hopes that some of those unopposed pieces of the Pentagon's old domino theory might publicly say thank-you.

Given the growing importance of ASEAN, Carter probably would have sent a more notable personage than the well-filled assistant secretary—but he believed that it would make a difference. With a combined population of almost 350 million, competitively healthy free-enterprise economies and close political and trade ties with the West, the grouping provides a stable ideological (though not military) counterbalance to the Soviet-backed, Vietnam-dominated Indochina.

That ASEAN doesn't see a crucial, in-

mediate challenge from Moscow or Hanoi is only one of the problems Holbrooke or any other U.S. envoy to the region must face. Others include cynical cynicism over American abandonment of the "free world" government of Saigon, the down-home foreign affairs ignorance of the powerful U.S. Congress and a commitment not to allow Washington to put a fight that will ultimately be fought by Southeast Asians.

For all the concerns voiced by the U.S. over the Vietnamese peril, for example, the Americans have made it clear that so U.S. ground troops would help defend Thailand against a Communist at-

tack. In any case, the ASEAN countries are not expecting a Hanoi adventure. And for them, Afghanistan and Iran are Washington's problems.

Since ASEAN continues to reject a military role, the U.S. finds itself depending mostly on its own resources to confront direct and proxy Soviet military might in Asia. Despite grudging ASEAN acceptance that Japan might have to grow militarily to help the U.S. and China act as counterbalances, acquisition of the Japanese self-defense forces is politically unacceptable to the supporters of that country's ruling party. □

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bally correct. The only thing missing is any mention of the Soviet empire. Soviet scientists never learn what caused the whole affair.

On the other side, the Soviets have accepted that U.S. leads any ally after Soviet efforts during the Second World War. There is considerable silence to the Holocaust, but little or no mention of the fact that an estimated 20 million Soviet citizens lost their lives at the same time, not more than a passing reference to the many bodies that took place in the Soviet Union.

On the wider shores of distortion, a Soviet text refers to an incident that may or may not have taken place back in the home days. It tells how some American sailors dropped medicine on the streets in real Indian settlements and concluded "Thus by the 19th century the American military was already using methods of modern biological warfare."

It took months of meeting had been allowed to take place that and other the means of scholarship propaganda might have disappeared in an armed list of changes. As it stands, the usually monstrous dosing of young minds will continue.

William Lowther



Poland

They'd rather fight than switch

It sounds like a story by Horacio Alper. All over again. A child of the Boeing 70th, Edward Bielecki followed his father into the mines but spent his evenings studying economics. Later, he moved swiftly up the political ladder, accumulating a list of cars and substantial property interests on the way. But in one important respect the career of Edward Bielecki differs from that of any of the self-made barons of American literature. When he out-kipped Alper last week by becoming premier at the age of 54, it was of his native Poland—not the United States.

Smell, aggressive and a enemy of Communist party chief Edward Giersek since he was appointed to the ruling Politburo in 1959, the new premier fled the post scarcely the week before, when Piotr Jaruzelski was abruptly dismissed at what had been expected to be a routine event—the party's annual congress.

Jaruszewski, 59, must have wished that he had stuck to his original job as country schoolteacher. In some resemblance of the public humiliations of China's cultural revolution, he was forced to sit out a five-hour, nationwide television session of fierce criticism of the present state of the Polish economy without the right of reply. And when congress followed up by failing to re-elect him as a member of the elegantly Politburo, Jaruzelski was thrown in the towel. A straight-faced Giersek announced that the premier was resigning for reasons of health.

True enough, Jaruzelski's health was in fact in bad shape. He suffered a heart attack early last year. But what is



a heart attack in a corner of the world ruled by Khrushchev and Trifon? True too, he had been widely attacked because of the behavior of his son Andrzej, famously known among the people as "The Red Prince," whose gambling debts in Monte Carlo had to be paid off quietly.

But as the televised debate made clear, Jaruzelski's departure lay rooted in Poland's extremely serious economic problems. When Giersek appointed Jaruzelski to the premiership in 1970, they could not foresee the money crunch which was to bite the rest of their development plans (the national debt is currently \$620 million), nor the domestic problems that flowed from it: heavy industry, would cause.

Consumer frustrations mounted because, in the rush to develop industry, other sectors like housing and transportation were neglected. As well, the freezing sector suffered labor shortages when the rural youth left the farms for high-paying industry jobs. And, allied with the \$115.5 million worth of agricultural exports demanded by the Soviet bloc each year, and the \$94.8 million worth of foodstuffs exported to the West to bolster Polish currency reserves, that led to chronic shortages of some foods, especially meat. "What is 100 yards long and eats potatoes?" was a popular joke. Answer: "The line-up in front of the butcher's shop."

From Jaruzelski's seat by next as a negotiator for these problems, did not go alone. Also ousted from power, in what amounted to a major shakeup of the Polish hierarchy, were Jozef Kupa, former head of the Warsaw Communist party, Stefan Gieremek, former foreign minister, and Jozef Tejtyma, former minister of education. All were replaced by hard-liners.

That probably means a temporary squeeze for Polish dissidents, who have been having good months, and for the Roman Catholic Church, which en-

terbush, the new premier (left), and the Party Congress, a host of cars and traffic.

courage them. But in the long run, Giersek and his government would rather foster church-state relations than look for enemies in that powerful body. At the party congress Giersek made it clear that the country and the party need the church. See *Maclean's*.

France

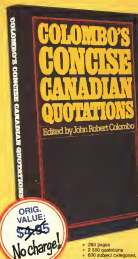
A new boss for 'Le Monde'

"If it isn't in *Le Monde*," goes the Gallic adage, "it couldn't have happened." But for the past four months, the pages of Paris' magnificent daily have been strangely silent about the *Frankie* internal whippersnappers and *Frankie* lobbying over the name of the next director of what some people regard as the world's premiere newspaper and others call "The French New York Times."

At stake was a job which automatically makes its holder one of the most influential figures in France, feared even by the president of the republic. As if that didn't make the succession sticky enough, it was further complicated by the editorial committee voted to *Frankie* specifying that the new chief must be elected by the paper's writers.

So volatile was the issue that when current director Jacques Savarit reached retirement age two years ago, the editorial committee voted to *Frankie* replacing him. Said Savarit, who had been overlooked for the job by the paper's founder and first director, Hubert Beuve-Méry, "The trouble is you mention a name and immediately the machine guns start spinning."

Re-sentible age, when the names of



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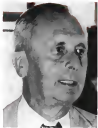
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Fontaine, leading critiques and lobbying

And as everyone at the paper knows, the decisions that matter are all made by the man in the director's chair. Until 11 years ago, that seat was in the important wing of Beau-Mary, under whom the paper grew from four pages with a circulation of 150,000 to a 30-odd-page columnar read—or at least thought-by half a million Frenchmen a day. During the 1970s, as the French newspaper industry floundered, financially, it was the only Paris daily to turn a profit and now, as the overexpanded empire of press Baron Robert (Le Figaro, France-Soir) Bernart runs into further troubled waters, Le Monde stands every chance of becoming Paris' largest.

The greatest criticism leveled at Le Monde these days is that it seems to be drifting toward what one intellectual called a "wintry-wind" leftism. As insiders see it, Le Monde's editorial staff is much like France itself—torn between the left and right. Certainly, none of them will deny that—like the state—the paper is undergoing a current identity crisis and choosing a new capsule is the most important step toward charting its new course.

Michael McDonald

officially takes over, to consolidate some of the wounded editorial factions. But once he has done so, there seems little danger of further interference from democracy. Aside from the election, as candidate Fontaine says of Le Monde: "The journalists don't run it at all."



Chape, vocal in condemnation of South Africa's apartheid despite economic ties

shiply can contribute to that of the region.

McDonald's: To what extent is Botswana a policy dictated by its economic dependence on South Africa?

Chape: The political policy is not dictated by it. We are very vocal in our condemnation of South Africa's apartheid policy and while, by the accident of our geography, we have to depend economically on South Africa, we are doing everything in our power to diversify our relationships in order to reduce our dependence.

McDonald's: What is Botswana's view of the South African plan for an economic consolidation of states in southern Africa, including Botswana?

Chape: Well, we feel they should solve it as political problems first. They shouldn't have put the country into little Bantustans (black homelands) but if they decide to

develop the country for the good of all South Africans, then, as neighbors, certainly, we would be interested.

McDonald's: What hope do you have for a successful political outcome in Rhodesia?

Chape: Hope, yes, that's the operative word. We're tired of the present situation as I think are the people of Rhodesia. We know it will not be easy but the situation could be the beginning of a settlement in which minority whites and its own black.

McDonald's: How do you see the situation developing in Namibia?

Chape: For some time the prospects for success seemed to be better than those in Rhodesia, but now I'm not so sure. The South Africans are very alive. But we hope there will be a settlement in the foreseeable future which recognizes black majority rule.

McDonald's: What is Botswana's view of the 1978 election in Namibia which was won by Dr. H. W. Mulder and the Turnhalle Alliance?

Chape: Well, that was a truly democratic election.

McDonald's: How do you assess the current promises of apartheid reform by South African Prime Minister P. W. Botha and do you think they will all be implemented?

Chape: We feel they will be implemented but the situation in South Africa is very very complex. Apartheid itself is a stumbling block, but it's being supported at all costs by the Nationalist government. I think Botha intends to implement reform but whether his own party will let him is another question.

U.S.A.

All is not quiet on the home front

By Ian Urquhart

With all eyes on Iran and Afghanistan, one starting list of reformations has almost escaped notice in the U.S. press: the average American worker suffered a 3-year-plus cost of real wages last year. But even if they are not being told, they can feel the erosion of their buying power at the supermarket and the gas pump, and those

demands for double-digit wage hikes which will keep them close to the inflation rate. That includes New York City's employees who, as public servants, do not have the legal right to strike. In the last two negotiations," says John Lawe, president of the city's largest workers' union, "our people got taken in the classroom. That's not going to happen again."

President Jimmy Carter, who has blamed the high inflation rate in the

their money is probably well-founded. Many unions have already served notice that they will ignore whatever guidelines a chosen. Vice Governor, the president of the aerospace workers' union. "We will negotiate whatever the hell the traffic will bear without regard to the guidelines," Chase, he says, are "too damn on strike" because they are more easily applied to wages than is price.

Faced with such resistance to voluntary restraint, the Carter administration is relying on the Federal Reserve Board—an effect, the central bank's own inflation. The board, under the chairmanship of Paul Volcker, has been modestly raising interest rates and squeezing the money supply. But high inflation rates have persisted, even at an annual rate of 12.2 per cent in January, and there are growing demands that something new be done.

Senator Edward Kennedy, Carter's chief Democratic opponent, has advocated wage-price controls. While the measure has been largely rejected by most economists, congressional leaders and businessmen, it is backed by a majority of the public (a Gallup poll in early February showed 58 per cent favored controls while just 34 per cent opposed them). Unlike the situation in Canada, where the unions bitterly opposed controls when they were introduced in 1975, Kennedy's proposal has taken support.

To date, Carter has ruled out controls as a "campaign gimmick." But his resistance may soon break down, especially if the alternative appears to be to throw the country into a deep recession. That is something no president wants to do in an election year.



with the deal to do so were fighting back last week.

The 31 workers' unions, representing 55,000 refinery employees, exercised an option to reopen their contract at the beginning of this year and demanded much more than the last-year-plus wages they were due. To break up their demands, they went out on strike on Jan. 8, and last week they were still out. And while a Chicago Ironworkers strike was tentatively settled at the week's end, the steelworkers' deal required in full for a campaign of court—living proof of the bitterness of the fight.

Such stoppages could set the pattern for the estimated 37 million other unionized workers whose contracts expire this year, including 750,000 telephone workers, 200,000 steelworkers, 150,000 aerospace workers, 80,000 longshoremen and New York City's 288,000 public servants. The Steelworkers have a no-strike clause with their employers which they are expected to honor. But the others may well strike to back

Chicago firefighters' strike: those with shift were fighting rising living costs

U.S. on OPEC, has expressed concern that union efforts to catch up will only worsen the situation. To dampen wage demands, he has resorted to "jawboning" unions down to a voluntary guideline (Carter's detractors call it "jaw-bulldozing"). Last year, the guidelines—seven per cent—was flouted by the Teamsters, Rubberworkers and Auto workers, all of whom settled for much more with little protest from the administration. This year, Carter is still pondering a flexible 7.5- to 9.5-per-cent range for wage increases recommended by an advisory committee made up of union and management representatives. The idea has the official backing of the AFL-CIO, whose support Carter wants in the election. But the president's in-house advisers fear too one would settle for increases at the bottom of the range and that the top would become a floor rather than a ceiling.

That good ol' mountain dew

When wisps of smoke rise from the heavily wooded hollows of Virginia, you can hear it's not the Boy Scouts teaching marshmallows in Franklin County, where there's smoke, there's money, and where there's money, there's the agents of the Federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, traditionally known as "revenuers," are never far behind.

For the past three months, they have been mounting an aggressive campaign to break down the illegal stills that make Franklin County the special moonshine capital of the United States. Although production of that good ol' mountain dew has declined somewhat, as many once-rural areas fall victim to these twin scourges of the 20th century—cropping suburbs and McDo-

The view from the eye of the storm

Situated at the centre of what's known as southern Africa, Botswana has a great stake in the struggle for black majority rule in neighboring states. In October last week it again as measures. On Jan. 7, Chape, minister for mineral resources, talked with Minister's Assistant Foreign Editor, James Fleming about the region's problems.

McDonald's: How does it feel to live in a country that for years was sandwiched between white-dominated South Africa and white-dominated Rhodesia?

Chape: It's a unique situation but we hope we can be a good example. We are a successful multiracial state and perhaps one





A federal agent prepares to blow up backwood sill concealed in a live grapevine

said's thick shank—output of the backwoodsman's favorite brew has continued unabated in this corner of Virginia. "For generations up there, moonshining has been an old moonshiner's business," said George Testas, one of the federal agents supervising the crackdown, last week.

Temporarily, at least, winter gives the lawmen an edge in their legendary battle. With the trees bare, agents in low-flying planes scoutback the backwoods for cleverly concealed stills. Everything from camouflage netting to boughs artfully arranged to mask the tops of distilling sheds is used to throw them off the track. "One fellow had the shed to his will fixed up like a fairly geysered, with headlights, plastic flowers or fake grass or quite a production," recalls Testas. But then the stonks on both sides are high. "We fig-

ured that one operation alone was costing federal and state governments something like \$1 million a year in lost taxes."

Most of the booze produced in Franklin County is consumed elsewhere. Bottled in wide-mouthed Mason jars or galen plastic jugs, the liquor is loaded into cars with pop-up engines and hauled to urban stations in Petersburg and North Carolina. (The high-speed chase, as revenues try to run down the rebels' assets, are said to have given rise to a favorite southern sport—stock-car racing.)

Usually sold from private apartments nicknamed "wine houses" or "bunker joints," the moonshine flows down the throat in 35-cent shots appropriately called "nip jugs." According to federal agents, a bottle of the brew that fetches \$400 earns everything from chronic depression to the common cold, while for nearly the same price as cheap scotch. "People don't buy it to save mon-

ey," explains one revenue. "They just like the way it tastes."

In the past three months, agents have arrested more than 50 moonshiners and destroyed 97 stills, but they admit neither history nor local sentiment favors their cause. In the backwoods of Appalachia, the right of a man to brew his own poison has the informal, if not the legal, status of one of the freedoms enshrined in the American Bill of Rights. The very first civil disturbance George Washington had to deal with as president of the United States was the Whisky Rebellion, an uprising of farmers who refused to pay the federal excise tax on the liquor they produced. Washington mobilized 10,000 militiamen but, in the end, chose dialogue, the offenders not held into the bill.

Nearly 200 years later, federal agents know that their task is daunting. Bowed out of business one week, a determined moonshiner may can rebuild his entire facility for \$7,000 to \$10,000 and be operating from another well-concealed hollow the next. Concedes government spokesman Howard Crumwell: "No, I don't think that this crackdown is going to end the whole problem in the area once and for all." This wouldn't have any trouble finding a man in Franklin County to drink to that.

Rita Christopher

'Killing blacks doesn't count'

It was raining and cold in the first barracks at Bufile County, California, and the men in the hallways, 40 minutes, were in various moods. Marvin, Dean, Nae, 36 James McCarter, 19, and a girlfriend, Don Shope, 22, had gone date-hunting but failed to find any game. "Guys we could shoot a cow," said Nae and, with that, he said, "I want to kill that black nigger in that country town." Then, Shope was later to testify, "Dean and Jim started talking about getting that nigger. We always called black piggies niggers, niggers, dark meat."

As the Pombar turned into Chico's black Park Avenue, Jimmy Lee Campbell, a 20-year-old dead black man, walked out of a roller rink. "There's a nigger," said Nae. McCarter black his 30-30 Winchester out of the window and fired. Jimmy Lee stumbled and died. "One less nigger," said McCarter.

The three stopped at a nearby liquor store (they had been drinking at evening), then headed for "Mica"—the south side of nearby Oroville, where 500 blacks in a community of 8,000 live. "Dean shot at three black men," said Shope later. "Jim asked that he couldn't hit one out of three. They drove on, drinking and smoking mari-

janna. "We saw this black girl Jim and about to bang a girl," Dean said. "Campbell's a nigger." He yelled at her. When she turned, he said "Campbell, what? And fired and she fell." Shope went on. They left her for dead. In fact, the witness had collapsed with a powder burn on her cheek.

Witness recall killings are nothing new to the West. But subsequent police involvement of the young whites seemed to America's blacks almost as outrageous as the killing itself. In the name of protecting the killers' right to a fair trial, a court-imposed gag kept details of the case under wraps for months that is years. Only the north deluge, public and the victim's mother, Mrs. Frankie Brown, learn the full truth about the shooting spree of Jan. 13, 1979.

Under that shroud of secrecy, a plea-bargaining deal between Bufile County's district attorney and the killers' lawyers allowed the three to escape a death sentence. This Wednesday they will be dealt

Nae (left) and McCarter; black piggies for equal opportunity in the death penalty



with. The maximum is life. They could get off with 25 years, and be paroled after 17. (Shope has already been given 18 years.)

As California's attorney-general ordered an inquiry, leaders of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People said they would sue the federal government to seek charges against officials who herded the crowd. California's blacks are already angry, as nearly before, over alleged tactics in the bureaucracy. A spree of police shootings plus the discovery that officers on police firing ranges practice on "Official Runged Nigger" cardboard cut-out targets have caused deep bitterness.

The message is that killing blacks doesn't count, says California assemblyman Willie Brown, who a black. "I want to see equal opportunity in the death penalty." Says Campbell's mother: "Those two sat in court and laughed about my son. I want them to die." So they may. When those guys hit the prison, and the blacks find out who they are, says a Chico policeman, "I would bet on their grapes." William Scoble



Music

For the record

PERMANENT WAVES

Tash
(Guns N' Roses)

The talents of man and machine again combine to explore "quantum leaps in time and space" and to make you scratch your head and wonder who are all those people in the thousands (and thousands) of sold-out concert seats getting off on. Every song is a white the swirling guitars, razzing drums and erratic synthesizers of Tash achieve a convincingly great effect, but Tash's dual decision about "puzzling ships" and "wheels within wheels" make you start wondering all over again.



LONDON CALLING

The Clash
(Guns N' Roses)

While it has become a bit of a cliche for bands to profess integrity, the members of The Clash remain sincere even though they have refused the force of their onslaught. You can hear the words this time, and the music displays a greater range of influences (reggae, as before, but also Phil Spector, The Meters and soft show), but their reputation as the rock and roll group of the '80s should not be dismissed.

FLEX

Lene Lovich
(Sire)

This album answers a resounding "yes" to anybody who, after Lovich's first, asked, "But was this wonderfully dirty young vocalist endgame?" The melodrama is more somber and sparsely written, and the piping yelp of her voice is more distressing than ever, a true statement. The spacy, raucous rhythms of *Flex* as earlier reason why it could well prove to be one of the year's best tunes. This one's a "must."


David Livingstone

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Energy

Hydrogen minus the sci-fi

By Bob Scott

It was one of the most terrifying disasters in aviation history. Beginning with only a spark, the hydrogen-filled dirigible Hindenburg exploded into flames at its Lakehurst, New Jersey, mooring mast in 1937. And, as the last members of the airship's silent staff fell to the ground, leaving 36 passengers dead, distraught aviators vowed that the gas which was lighter than air should never fly again. But now, with characteristically sudden and dramatic turns, hydrogen is poised to explode once again onto the energy scene—if only Ottawa will offer the financial support that hydrogen proponents believe is urgently required. "The hydrogen age is coming," says mechanical engineering professor David Scott of the University of Toronto. "It is inevitable."

Scott, a hydrogen specialist, is meeting this week with government and industry scientists at Ottawa's National Research Council (NRC) to discuss the potential of hydrogen, which he strongly believes is the logical replacement for petroleum as a fuel. "In recent years," he argues, "there have been a thousand and one suggestions for new energy sources from the Faraday idea to the Prairie winds. But there are only sources and not fuels. You can't power a boat or an airplane with any of these



Hindenburg: when hydrogen fell from grace

You need a fuel, an energy currency like gasoline which you can carry around in a tank." As a gas, or a liquid when cooled, hydrogen can be burned in a conventional car engine. The exhaust, in pleasing contrast to the usual black clouds containing carbon monoxide and carbon dioxide, is simply water. It is believed to be environmentally benign and does not add to smog or acid rain.

Despite growing evidence that hydrogen fuel is probably the most practical alternative to gasoline, its production in Canada is as small as the local gas pump. NRC chemist Brian Taylor heads a three-year-old government program which has spent \$1.5 million studying hydrogen in the past year, compared to the \$3.6 billion Canada spent so far during the same time. Both Scott and Taylor say Canada is overlooking a unique opportunity to become

a world leader in its production and use.

Resistance to using the gas has been high ever since its first commercial use, of a test tube in the laboratory of Henry Cavendish in 1786. Coleridge and Goethe, it burns with three times the caloric power of airline jet fuel and disappears in a trace of water vapor. Now that's the stuff of science fiction, and even today hydrogen seems an awfully odd idea to the fuel of the jet, the Apollo lunar spacecraft and, more mysteriously, of the hydrogen bomb.

None of this, however, fazed 35-year-old Roger Billings when in 1965, inspired by an experiment in his high school chemistry class in Provo, Utah, he went home and converted his father's lawn mower to run on hydrogen. He won a local science fair prize with his invention, and has since built an entire industrial Billings Energy Corp., having converted everything from camp stoves to a U.S. Post Office jury. Within two years his company hopes to be delivering converted buses for use in the Pittsburgh urban fleet. Perhaps the spiritual leader of the modern hydrogen movement, Billings lives in a world that dots modern news with hydrogen. He drives to work on a hydrogen-fueled car, heats his home and water, and cooks his dinner with hydrogen—and, appropriately, still cuts his grass with his hydrogen-powered lawn mower. "It's as clean as the moon," says Billings, "it should get us to work and back."

Unfortunately, unlike fossil fuels, hydrogen does not exist naturally in an easy refined form. It has to be manufactured, and that takes energy. It can be made from coal, but can also be extracted directly from Canada's abundant fresh-water supply. Water can be split into hydrogen and oxygen by ran-



David Scott

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ring an electric current through it. Hydrogen bubbles to the surface and can be collected, either to be piped like natural gas or stored in tanks containing iron utensils, a metal that absorbs hydrogen like a sponge. Once in an ammonia "battery," the explosive effects of hydrogen are neutralized.

Finding practical uses for hydrogen, as Billings has proven, is not a problem, even now. For today, hydrogen costs twice as much as gasoline. This could change radically over the next few years if 40-gallon gasoline arrives as predicted in 1985. Government studies have shown that in these circumstances hydrogen will be competitive with conventional fuels. Of course, an enormous quantity of the gas will have to be manufactured, requiring an equally enormous amount of energy.

Canada is fortunate in having abundant electric power that Scott says could be efficiently channelled into hydrogen production. At "off-peak" hours, in the middle of the night, some power is now being wasted in hydro plants. Ontario and Quebec hydro studies suggest that, with large capital investments in electric generating stations (a minimum of \$84 billion over the next 20 years), Canada could be making enough of the gas to meet all its transportation needs within 20 years, cutting oil burning in half. In addition to electric resources, Canada has at least two other elements essential for what Scott calls a "hydrogen economy": The Rheinfryer Corporation Ltd., a Toronto-based company, is a world leader in the equipment that is needed to make hydrogen electrically from water, and Inco is a leading supplier of the metals used to store hydrogen safely. Says John Bain, president of the recently formed Canadian Hydrogen Energy Society: "We have everything we need to start today, right this minute."

Even with Canada's digressive resources, though, the first few steps into the hydrogen age may be very costly, from automobile conversion kits which Billings estimates soon will cost about \$800 to multi-hundred-dollar electric stations on the scale of Jones Bay. Canadian energy experts say the investment may well be worth it when weighed against the cost of digging deeper and deeper for less and less oil. Hydrogen, on the other hand, will become more available, since it is manufactured from renewable resources and can also be readily made with any solar, tidal, or wind generators that may be built. "We have to make hydrogen," says Scott.

"Otherwise we face the prospect of massive changes in our whole social system, having to throw up all our machines that now run on oil, our trucks, cars, farmacos, everything." Now that would be expensive. ☐

Health

Screening out the doubt

For years doctors have been struggling with the deadly implications of trying to x-ray the female breast with enough radiation to get a clear picture but not enough to harm the patient. Every day 16 Canadian women die from breast cancer and another 20 contract cancer that isn't fatal but can nevertheless lead to the trauma of surgical mastectomy. While early detection methods that don't involve radiation are used, mammography has remained the best use in widespread use and, in an effort to find out exactly how well it works, a massive five-year study was launched earlier this year. However, no sooner had the first of the hoped-for 50,000 women begun signing up for the minuscule screening program in February than cries of foul were heard. The program is going ahead, but the downside it received underscored more clearly than ever the depths of the dilemma facing doctors and, ultimately, women.

The study—sponsored by the National Cancer Institute of Canada (NCIC), the Canadian Cancer Society and Health and Welfare Canada—is being conducted in 10 Canadian centres at a cost of \$6.5 million. In each centre, participants will be split into groups, one receiving both physical examinations and mammography, the other as mammography. Dr. Anthony Miller, NCIC's principal investigator on the study, expects to reduce breast cancer

Logan: bidding heavily at \$90,000 to 1



Mould: Breast mammography 'highlight' risk

mortality in the screened group by about 40 per cent with the possibility of reducing three to five radiation cancers among the 45,000 women being x-rayed. He calls that risk "negligible."

But even before the first phase of the program got under way at Toronto's Mount Sinai Hospital, the criticism started, charging that the study's authors have underestimated radiation risk by a factor of up to three and have overestimated the hoped-for reduction in mortality. In a flurry of radio and television appearances and in a letter to the editor of the Toronto Globe and Mail, Irwin Brown, director of institutes at Dalhousie's Roswell Park Memorial Institute (a cancer control) began warning Canadian women of the "terrible mistake" that went in making it, exposing thousands of women under the age of 50 to unnecessary radiation. He also flew to Toronto for a meeting with Jack Shapiro, chairman of the Toronto board of health. Neither Shapiro, the author of the study, nor the team of doctors, physicians and other researchers who vetted the study design over a three-year period have changed their minds that the program must go on. But, they have taken them seriously enough to bear him out.

Mammography has been controversial since at least the 1960s, when large studies, such as one by the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York, gave breast cancer screening in under-50s a bad name. The focus then turned to mammography only those women with clearly defined risk patterns, leaving the rest to feel their own breasts for lumps or let their doctors do it. However, it can take up to seven years before

a growing cancer can be felt as the breast swells, when it's that big, treatment is difficult.

Enter, Dr. Wendt Westinghouse Logan, a radiologist and consultant at Roswell Park Memorial, specializing in breast cancer diagnosis. In 1977 she told colleagues at a meeting in Boston that she would have to do 268,000 mammograms to produce one cancer, but in doing so she would diagnose 15,000, if examining a group already known to be at risk. Earlier studies were no longer valid, she said, with the advent of equipment that radically reduced the dose delivered to the breast while producing far superior pictures. Using the new equipment, Logan and colleagues continued to punch the numbers home at international radiological meetings. But staying her was Dr. John Badar III of Harvard and the U.S. National Cancer Institute, who warned the profession not to be seduced by new technology until more data was in. Now, Ballar has approved the Canadian study, after being consulted during its design, and NCIC's Miller remains adamant that mortality will go down markedly with negligible risk. Replies Brown: "That's a lot of crap, pure unadulterated crap." When doctors look at the relationship between radiation dose and cancer risk, he says, they're doing their math incorrectly and radiation levels predicted for the Canadian study are unacceptably low.

Toronto board of health's Shapiro has had Brown's figures submitted to the board's own epidemiologist for double-checking and he has asked Miller to beef up the warning on patient consent forms to make sure women know just what the risks and benefits are. Meanwhile, Canadian Cancer Society's Dr. Robert Macbeth says prophetically: "Ten years from now this and other projects may prove that we got the wrong advice. But, it was certainly not done with lack of good faith."

Carl Edgar Law

Brown: 'a lot of pure unadulterated crap'



The true nature of Micheline

By Wayne Grady

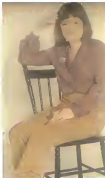
Okay, it did seem like a strange place to be discovering one's true calling—a cramped, cluttered and darkened nook of a cutting room in a seedy, bettered office building on the wrong side of Montreal. But on the tiny, flickering screen of the editing table in the corner, actress-turned-director Micheline Lanctôt was watching her first film, *L'homme à tout faire* (*The Handyman*), come to life. She pined. She pined. She pulled seriously on French cigarettes. She owes a lot to her Norman heritage: her sturdy build, a feisty, straight-talking personality and square-jawed, open-lipped, tooth-faced good looks. Plunking one foot on the seat of an empty chair, she stared at the screen. Then, in the throaty baritone that kept her out of ingenue parts, she wondered aloud when to cut just before the father of star Jocelyn Berubé's eyebrow, or just after—which would be subtle? So once around the room for options to the editor, her assistant, the script assistant. Keep the flicker. Pleased as punch, Lanctôt seals the tape. B. stays off the cutting-room floor.

Having the last word in a film is a brand-new experience for Micheline Lanctôt. As an actress the end result of her work had always been in the hands of others and, at age 38, that was beginning to trouble her. With directors like Gilles Carle and Ted Koppel, in films like *La vraie nature de Bernadette* and *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*, the collaboration had been fruitful and the resulting performances superb. But films like these are few and far between, and Lanctôt's questioning, probing style of acting made some film-makers nervous. "All I ever did was ask questions," she says wistfully. "I can't just go out there and do as I'm told. I have to know why I'm doing it."

But *L'homme à tout faire* is hardly an "if-it-shows-them-all" project. When the first budget the script she had written to producer René Malo, she had no burning ambition to direct it as well. It was, after all, a first script, a first film. With a budget of \$675,000 (halfy for a Québec film, huge for a first film) there was the real danger of biting off more than she could safely chew. And Lanctôt had other reservations: "I didn't think I had the discipline. I gave up music (she studied piano for 11 years, aimed to perform) because I didn't want to spend eight hours a day practicing. I daydreamed with animation (in the 1980s,

free-lance in Montreal and Los Angeles) because it took forever. And as an actress, the writing/reading between takes drove me crazy. I really thought it was too suffer-brained to be a director." It was Malo who suggested, indeed pressed her to direct: "A lot of what I liked about the script, the poetry, the tenderness, populism, was between the lines. I couldn't think of anyone who could bring it out better than Micheline."

While Malo found Dostoevskian poetry in the story of a handyman desperately in love with the very idea of love (misadventure has her heart-beated housewife, film-directing institutions in Montreal, were a little baffled by the project. It was rejected by both the Institut Québécois des Cinéma and the Canadian Film Development Corporation on first reading. With an additional 30 pages of notes and explanations of some of the script's subtleties, both institutions felt comfortable enough to put up money (\$300,000 and \$200,000 respectively) but the CFDC balked at the idea of Lanctôt



Lanctôt with crew, and in a calmer mood staying off the cutting-room floor



directing. After much discussion, a compromise was found: Ted Koppel, the man in her life since *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* and a man with a golden glow in Hollywood (North Dallas Forty), volunteered to act as a second-unit and guarantor.

Lanctôt found the whole process hard to swallow: "I was completely prepared to make compromises, but it's frustrating to have your script judged by some anonymous person and then have to write you have to explain it to them. A

lot of people read film scripts, they don't use them. And while Ted gave me a lot of good advice, it tells me that he was a nice guy too." She then gets to the heart of the frustration: "I know people are going to say I didn't do it alone. I know they're going to say that."

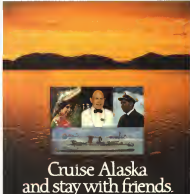
Not that she'll lose too much sleep over what other people think—that would be entirely out of character. The black-sheep daughter of an old (her ancestors arrived in 1629) and comfort-

ably bourgeois family, she's contemptuous of her upbringing among the stately homes of Outremont. "I hate where I come from," she says tartly. Deliberately vulgarizing her language, dress and manners, she "grew up with other upper-middle-class delinquents." The family took a deep breath when she took up acting in a career, and feared what she had on the first Lanctôt woman to live with a man without benefit of clergy. A bit of a tomboy was youngster, she has grown into a woman who says she has more satisfying relationships with men than with women. "Relationships with women happen within set boundaries," she'll say, attempting to clarify something that obviously bewilders her. "Women huddle together too much. I want to learn new things." It irritates some women, leaving them feeling slighted in her company. Some men are intimidated by her interest. "She's very, very honest," says good friend Marie Chaberge. "She has no fear of giving offense, and will give them to your face. I admit that, it hurts others."

Settling down to make her own film seems to have been a turning point for Micheline Lanctôt. She's calmer, more confident and gives every indication of having found her true vocation. "I don't think she's realized as much as I do that her energy into something where she has much more control," says André Pelletier, the film's leading lady. Lanctôt acknowledges the change. "It's true. I am calmer. I'm not sure if it's the film or a long maturing process ending with the film. I was always content before to think of myself as an actress. I always put relationships before work. Now I find that my work is extremely important to me. On the other hand, I realized halfway through the film that Armand Dorion, the hero of the film, is really me... someone who'll go to any lengths for love, to stay in that sublime state. It's the great story of my life." Doubly ironic when you realize that her commitment to making this film meant parting company with Ted Koppel. It was a case of two careers with different philosophies, in different cities, pulling in different directions.

There's little doubt in the minds of those who know her that she will make more films. A couple of weeks after the flicker of Jocelyn Berubé's eyebrow was saved from the cutting-room floor, Micheline Lanctôt has summed the rough-cut of the film. "I can't objectively say whether it's good or not, but I like it," she smiles. "It's a panoramic to love, being in love with life and the world around you. And if a film is made with love, it'll show up on the screen."

How can she be sure? "The script assistant cried three times during the screening. That's a good sign." ☺



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Taking the real worry out of being close



PHOTOGRAPH BY [illegible]

In mid-February, as a TV news camera whirled, a pint-sized and dignified George Scholtes smiled at his audience and raised a wary, thumb-wed nose to his lips. The subject was CONTRACEPT 1, a brand-new spermatical suppository from Fem-Tech Pharmaceuticals, the independent Canadian company of which Scholtes is marketing and development director. "You eat about 200 of these," the Torontoan remarked nonchalantly to the camera. "No-one'd think it important for today's, or, sexual lifestyle!" He popped the cone into his mouth, prodded slightly—his family blither beside, he claimed, would be misled by the body's natural reactions—and gulped. Then wine glasses were raised, toasting the birth of Canada's first birth control suppository.

To do his job, of course, CONTRACEPT 1 is not to be taken with wine. A cone should be inserted manually into the vagina about 15 minutes prior to intercourse—or, as a half-hour prior, if the body has been chilled by skiing or swimming. Because the cone must melt in order to cover the vagina and cervix with its sperm-killing ingredient, that ingredient, Nonyl-9-oil-9, is also common to contraceptive foams. Indeed, the basic birth control principle is no different. But the cone is far wiser than foam—as Scholtes obligingly demonstrated by putting his cigarette lighter to one. Melted, it sootily fills a test-tube.

Fem-Tech anticipates that its product will appeal to those women for whom use of the birth control pill is not



Scholtes smoking (above) and with partner Campbell (top). In quest of lower pains

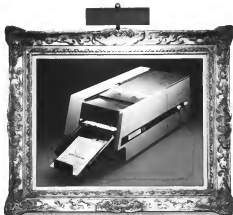
recommended—the heavy, the hypertensive, smokers, nursing mothers and women over 40. "It was when pill-taking American women first started using drug companies for side effects they were suffering," recalls Scholtes. "That I realized the barrier method of birth control would be making a comeback." In the mid-70s, Scholtes, then a pharmaceutical marketing consultant, hired a group of Montreal chemists to develop his own product. Toronto lawyer John

Campbell (now Fem-Tech's president) helped him raise funds and, \$800,000 later, the product has been approved for sale in Canada and the United States.

Fem-Tech admits CONTRACEPT 1 isn't pushing back the frontiers of medicine. What's new about it is simply the way its form and packaging reflect the reality of 1980s relationships. It's neat, discreet, and lends itself to unpredictable encounters between those cool-headed enough to wait 15 to 30 minutes before co-sensuaging. It's sold in small, padded packages of six and can be popped up at \$4.00 a dozen from the drugstore shelf. Certainly it's more accessible to shy high-school kids than pills and IUDs which require a sometimes disappointing doctor's prescription. And its easy availability spells freedom for single women who are loath to take the pill for the sake of some chance romance weeks hence. Fem-Tech is even looking into the possibility of dispensing the cones by non-operated vending machines.

Spermatical suppositories have been around for almost as long as condoms—certainly since Dr. William Chamberlain first proposed a nasty mixture of cream butter and berberic acid back in 1880. But, whereas Chamberlain's Dr. Paul Dionne, who has been testing birth control devices since 1962, suppositories have not had a good reputation for effectiveness. Dionne has more faith in CONTRACEPT 1. Having recommended it successfully to more than 100 women in the past three years, he admits it over-rides and fuses and tries his own daughter-in-law as one bigger cone. But Dr. Peter Cole, director of Toronto's family planning services, questions the worth of any method that takes up to 30 minutes to melt and be effective. "I wouldn't recommend its use," he says. Though Scholtes says the cone has been proven effective for six hours after insertion, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration is much more cautious. It has insisted that instructions accompany the product saying that a fresh cone should be inserted after just one hour.

Adds Dr. Albert Yague, who is distributing the suppositories at the University of Western Ontario's health clinic: "When it comes to spermicides, nobody can tell you the limit on effectiveness." Suppositories are not designed for women to pop one in and go out to a bar to use if they can stirle it lucky. "But there is one feature of the little cones that Cole, for one, rather likes: their lack of taste. "A lot of people major anal sex, and if a product's taste prevents people from using it, that's no good." He'll be cheered to know that Scholtes and Campbell have another marketing coup in the planning stage. By spring of next year, they hope to be producing the cones in strawberry, raspberry and banana flavors. Val Rose



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Culture



An Irish invasion of England

It is certainly an act of courage that, less than six months after the murder of Lord Mountbatten and with anti-Irish graffiti still being scrawled on walls throughout the city, London is hosting *A Sense of Ireland*, the most extensive celebration of Irish arts in history. For more than six heady weeks beginning in February, London has been invaded by all things Irish: punk rock, avant-garde theatre and conceptual art, not to mention going, weaving and quilt-making. The festival includes well over 100 events taking place in all venues across the city and its peaceful director, John Sheehy, brims with confidence: "There is nothing apologetic about this festival—it is what we are, it's fun. Take it or leave it."

What is being offered is more than a sprinkling of big names—The Dubliners, The Abbey Theatre, paintings by Jack Yeats, films by Sean O'Casey (Gaelic) to the rest of the world as John Ford)—and a marvelous balance of photography and various exhibitions, jazz and rock evenings. The special value of the festival lies in these events, the ones that bear true images of Ireland and, at the same time, reach a wider audience than most art festivals ever can. For the contrarians is a lively exhibi-



"Puck's Part" from an exhibition (top); one of The Virgin Prunes (above); one of the UKA

tion at the Institute of Contemporary Arts (just down the road from Buckingham Palace) called *No Country for Old Men*. The organizers have filled a 60-foot-long wall with a monstrous cartoon spray retelling the legend of Orlagh, an Irish emigrant to the United States who returns to find his native land altered beyond recognition. This exhibition of photographs, rock music and Irish contemporary is designed to dispel some of the Whorrey that lies in understanding of the Republic of Ireland—a country with the youngest population of any in the Common Market (more than half its people are under 25) but the festival also includes *The Sheir*

of *Emergency*, a program of happenings related to Ulster, that war-torn land where the only sign of hope seems to be that no one has illusions or much hope left. If nothing else, films such as *House of Cards*, *The Parrot Game*, a play called *The Position of Women in Ireland* and several New Wave groups, including The Virgin Prunes, prove that Northern Ireland does have more to offer the world than Ian Paisley and the IRA.

For a Canadian, the festival suggests fascinating parallels between this country and the Republic of Ireland. Ireland is an officially bilingual nation, with nearly 30 per cent still speaking some Irish Gaelic, and it, too, lives in the shadow of a powerful neighbor. Of the 30 best-selling magazines in Ireland last year only one was published in the country. Like Canada, Ireland has suffered a brain drain, only now reversing itself as exiles stream back and gradually transform the national psychology—already getting a boost from an economy that is one of the fastest growing in Europe.

The festival itself, generously funded by business and government, depends on this new prosperity for its existence, yet it also celebrates the fragile Celtic traditions that wealth could easily ruin. Ireland is struggling to maintain tradition in the face of modernity. Dublin today is full of gentrification but to find a restaurant serving the old delicacy of pig's feet, you have to visit a deli-catessen called *A la Française*. In short, the old and the new are constantly rubbing elbows and *A Sense of Ireland* benefits from that friction. For instance, Dubliner Niall Bóile has put together *West of West*, a photographic display about ancient monuments that stand throughout the Irish countryside. "These monuments provide the opportunity to reinterpret Ireland and its heritage in a most pure and even spiritual way," Bóile says. But he is also a "performance artist," the creator of a spectacle in which he buries his body in a sea of beer—not so pure and not especially spiritual, but perhaps no less Irish than an ancient monument.

Stephenson is sure that the impact of the festival on London will be astounding. "A *Sense of Ireland* isn't happening just because the Irish are tired of the stereotypes, the Irish jokes and the accepted mythologies," he explains. "The English are increasingly aware that these don't provide the truth." For Londoners the festival is a brilliant testimony to the constant flourishing of Irish culture in the lives of ordinary people as well as in the concert halls and galleries. And, as George Bernard Shaw once wrote, "Without us the English race would simply die of respectability in two generations." Mark Abley



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All the news that's fit to bend

By Mara McDonauld

Clearly, it wasn't the sort of news that *The New York Times* liked to find #1 to greet **SOME NEWS GIVERS** NORTH OF 35 HIDEOUT, declared the Jan. 31 headline over a front-shedding explanation admitting that at least half a dozen American journalists had been in the secret that the Canadian embassy in Tehran was harboring six American consular officials. Not surprisingly, the list included *The New York Times* staff. Despite the self-appearing explanation that they had "withheld the news because they feared that publication would endanger lives," there was the distinct sense of a defensive burrhead that the top-tier journal had been scooped by regular Jean Pelletier of Montreal's *Le Presse*.

"It's fair-saying, then," joked one former Tehran correspondent in the weeks that followed, as the number of reporters claiming to have been privy to the seizure widened to a cast that could have populated an entire newspaper. Another transformed from red face into a grin on the back for the entire fourth estate. "Look," he said, "there's no way I'm going to publish something that could get people killed. This is one time where nobody can accuse the press of not being responsible."

If the media seemed to leap on the occasion for a round of labored self-righteousness, it might be put down to a mild attack of professional identity crisis over just what their role had become in reporting on Iran. In the two years since the Islamic revolution, the press, crisscrossed into a chaotic position play pitting East against West, journalists have found themselves not only taking notes from the sidelines but pushed into the spotlight—cast in a range of overscripted parts which seemed to win them ever dimmer and more elusive from every side. Indeed, their performance in—and subsequent expulsion from—Iran has been just one more act in a drama that has been recurring with uncomfortable frequency forcing the press onto centre stage to focus on its own behavior.

In most cases the news has been, at best, mixed. From police chiefs raging against the syndrome that can turn a



Warriors hatching it up for the camera, when "selected journalists" gave news.

gripping cricket snipe into media bludgeon-for-the-day, to Third World governments denying what they say is spotty, stereotyped and distorted reporting, as expanding pool of critics has provoked the profession into some painful stocktaking. As wire services have been compelled to justify their reputations track records in developing countries—seasonally under threat of being hastily asserted to the border or among correspondents named into credible fodder—and journalists' associations such as the Periodical Writers' Association of Canada have struggled to formulate codes of ethics, a new mood of defensiveness and even confusion seems to have settled over elements of the Fourth estate. Nowhere has that self-entrapment seemed more evident than in the Tehran press corps' retrospective reflections.

Says *Newsmen* correspondent Elaine Scifano, who spent 4½ months in Tehran: "I don't feel I work for my government. But one mistake the Iranians would be abhorring is to say that we were agents of the Zionist imperialist press, the next,

they'd be scolding buses around to the hotel to take us to press conferences and on tours of the shah's palaces. We felt we were being jerked around by everybody." Just before expelling U.S. journalists from the country for a second time, Ayatollah Khomeini invited them to launch, come, "Diplomatic cannot solve this problem. We want to solve it through newspaper diplomacy. Wouldn't you like this to be the first problem solved by journalists?" In fact, in the absence of any American official in Iran, reporters were ably performing the function of reluctant diplomats. As Scifano put it, "Our staff took on much more importance because we knew Washington was getting most of its information from the press."

As the revolutionary walk-on pulsed their media sophistication to the level that they could spring into meaning postures at the cue of an approaching TV camera, journalists realized that they had become players in the action as well as pawns—manipulators as much as the manipulated—and, what was most disconcerting of all, obliged to focus on their own defining role in the unfolding of the plot. When the U.S. press corps of 190

reporters and technicians was tossed out of Iran in mid-July, the protests had a performative air and there seemed to be no collective sigh of journalistic relief.

"I don't think anybody wanted to be kicked out," says Scifano in her Paris office from which, by telephone, she now covers the Iranian beat. "But there were just too many journalists pushing the story further when nothing was happening—trying to find news that really wasn't there." Consensus says correspondent Jim Hittnerman, one of those expelled: "It was a situation where, when we asked someone for a reaction on camera, we were forcing him into a position where he had to have a snappy response. Just by asking questions, we were in an negotiation."



The coverage of the Iranian hostage-telling is only one reflection on the peculiar high-wire journalists are finding themselves walking these days between covering the news and creating it. Indeed, as the world shrinks to a global village played into a single electronic grid, foreign correspondents covering the Third World have found themselves doing as wisely balancing act between their fundamental beliefs in press freedom and the clammy fear of big brotherhood. With one should shrink, developing nations have begun to question the very notion of freedom of the press, which for them seems only to mean—as British journalist Rosemary Kilgour put it in her study, *Where News?*—"the freedom to protect Western values." These protests reached a crescendo a year ago last December at the 20th general congress of UNESCO in Paris when a Russian-inspired resolution that would have endorsed, among other things, state control of the news media, almost carried the day.

Although the most chilling charges were purged from the final document under pressure from a handful of so-called "Western" nations, Canada among them, the time bomb was far from defused and journalists found themselves pledged to supporting world peace and coexisting means—a task that, as one journalist put it, "isn't our job. Our job is telling the truth." The only trouble with that definition is that the question keeps being raised—whose truth?

As a UNESCO study has charted, the rich countries of the world have a strong stranglehold over its information services. Only 10 to 30 per cent of all international news relates to developing countries and four major wire services (the American AP and UPI, Agence France Presse and Reuters) transmit over broadcast air in print.

In mid-April a UNESCO-sponsored conference is scheduled to meet in Paris to

consider the state and bolts of shaping developing nations' forays into the information market, but the lack of hardware isn't the only problem in what Kenyan journalist Hilary Ngweni has termed "this overcrowded one-way traffic of ideas and values." Says Maatapha Mawoo, Tunisia's secretary of state in charge of information: "Surely the freedom of the press isn't only the freedom of rich countries to impose their viewpoints. What I read about Islam is all filtered through the deformations of Khroustev. I come from a Muslim country and I can tell you Khomeini is not at all representative of Islam."

In Iran, the explosion of American journalists came from just that clash of conflicting cultural perspectives. "I think many Americans here tried to do a good job," admitted Abolghasem Salahi, Iran's chief ringmaster for the foreign press, "but the majority should not have been on the hostages." As *Newsmen's* Scifano confirms, "We were constantly trying to tell our editors that all the Iranians wanted to talk about was the crimes of the shah." When a single word carried

Pelletier and Scifano (above), pawns

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the weight of political judgment, Tehran correspondents struggled over what to tell the embassy mails. It all depends on what the shah's staff would say. Either one brands a man with a gun a freedom fighter or a terrorist.

In a 300-page, 94-point report presented to UNESCO last month, the International Commission on the Study of Communication Problems headed by former Irish foreign minister Sean Lester-Bryde, a Nobel Peace Prize laureate, says a "new information order" which would "abolish the imbalance in the means of communication while respecting the freedom of the press." Recommending pooled information banks and co-ordinated press committees to help the Third World take a larger voice in the world stage, MacLennan estimates that, of the prizes against the press from developing countries, "some were exaggerated, some were well founded. I think Third World countries came into the debate with a chip on their shoulder because they're often misunderstood. But if you were a Washington and you found all the news reports were filtered through South Africa because the wire service didn't have a correspondent in Namibia, you'd have a right to find distortions too."

But some developing countries also have an understanding of objective reporting and expect the press to stand on the sidelines cheering progress—playing official handclapper to the efforts of state MacLennan says he found journalists on the whole responsible and recommended a professional code of ethics posed as a national, and later regional, basis, by the fourth estate mail. He has called for a code of ethics and an appeal for journalists. "I'm not so much worried about their role," he said from his home in Dublin, "as I am about their protection, not only from police forces and governments but from their employers as well." Indeed, as a growing number of Canadian and American court decisions have recently indicated, not all the threats to the press are being aimed from above.

As an informant in Iran has shown, has the only criticism of the press come from outside its ranks. "Journalists are recognizing their role is society," says MacLennan. And from all available symptoms it is a professional error to conceive of the press as ever seen. The only danger, as Rosemary Kilgour sees it, is that, in the course of legitimate name-giving, so few journalists, politicians or members of the general public seem aware of the issues at stake—the five reasons of the information age: the ultimate independence of the press itself. As Felix Frankfurter wrote in *The New York Times* 50 years ago: "Freedom of the press is not an end in itself, but a means to the end of a free society." □

Pelletier and Scifano (above), pawns



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Books

No white gloves in the kingdom of socialism



LEON TROTSKY
by Ronald Segal
(Random House of Canada \$19.95)

Certain conclusions may be drawn from the reverential way in which most Western historians have treated Russian revolutionary Leon Trotsky. One might, for instance, conclude that plans to exterminate millions of people are viewed more favorably by biographers when they come from a fellow intellectual. Trotsky, after all, represented his early political comrades as a book-lined study and wrote lots of essays on literature and history. This allows authors like Ronald Segal to talk about Trotsky's "creative force"—as opposed to the brute hand Trotsky's fellow builders—readily condemned by the likes of Segal—were either barely sober or, when trying to be liberal, a dreadful joke (Stalin) or from social stress very much off-kilter (Bouquard-Hirsh).

Trotsky, as every student knows by now, was Lenin's helmsman in the Russian Revolution who got into an argument with Stalin. Trotsky wanted all the world to enjoy the pleasures of revolution and Stalin wanted to sit tight for awhile with the one at home. Trotsky thought Stalin should be consigned to what he called "the dustbin of history." Stalin was the argument and sent Trotsky there, which seemed odd to be while in Mexico. Though Trotsky and Stalin might have mutually disagreed on the merits of Italian opera, there was little to choose between them when it



Trotsky in Mexico, in 1935. Trotsky's mission

came to the important things in life. Stalin sent millions to their death. Trotsky had a shorter time to do so, though he distinguished himself in his brief period as war commissar. What might have come to pass, had Trotsky won over Stalin, can be glimpsed in some of those essays Trotsky was so fond of penning. "As far as," he wrote, "we were never concerned with the Kantian-creaky and vegetarian-Quaker prattle about the 'necessities of human life.'" A neat turn of phrase and a sentiment shared, no doubt, by his arch-enemy Stalin who sent an assassin to get us for pack through Trotsky's skull in 1940.

It is a regrettable fact that in the morally skewed intellectual climate right-wing murderers are properly condemned by every respectable thinker while the same thinkers eagerly exonerate the merits of the left-wing equivalents. We may expect a renewed batch of hagiographic studies on Trotsky with the 50th centennial of his birth. South African writer-in-exile Segal has given us one of the first. It describes with skill and clarity, and from a Trotskyist point of view, the life of its hero and the development of the Russian Revolution. The intellectual ambition of Segal, which made him to describe Trotsky as the man who "speaks for the liberation of ideas," may mislead some readers.

They would certainly have assigned

Trotsky whose single virtue may have been the lack of hypocrisy with which he outlined his determination to achieve the collective kingdom of man at any cost. "We shall not enter into the kingdom of socialism in white gloves on a polished floor," he warned a resistent Congress of Peasants' Deputies before he helped to crash that congress. And, as the Red Terror of 1918 purged Social Democrats and Socialists, Revolu- tionaries on anything south of the truth—according to Lenin and Trotsky, one could not accuse Trotsky of inconsistency when he later wrote, "The man who recognizes the revolutionary historic importance of the very fact of the existence of the Soviet system must also sanction the Red Terror."

Indeed, one day perhaps a historian of the quality of the late Tito Stamaty (The Russian Tradition) may come along to develop that pregnant statement in its fullness and reveal the synthetic and necessary relationship between Marxism and terror. It will never be Ronald Segal whom we have on the final page of his manuscript. Facing in Spanish as he turns the terrorist Trotsky into a sort of neo-vegetarian Gandhi. "Trotsky remained true to himself, answering so much death around him with his smile for life, so much despair with his faith. And in this, he speaks for that joy and that defiance in humanity which no defeat can contain." Ah, yes. Put us in the pack.

Barbara Ankl

Happy birthday to-do

ALBERTA: A CELEBRATION
by Rudy Wiebe, Henry Savage
and Tom Radford
(Prang \$20.95)

In the world of publishing, few things are more inviting than the book that makes an old idea and gives it a twist. And it's the coffee-table book that has had the most twisting, yet still lies on the table, straight and still as a board. With *Alberta: A Celebration*, the twist is in format, this is a "my province 'is of this'" combination of pretty pictures and accompanying dialogue. Instead, author Rudy Wiebe, photographer Henry Savage and editor Tom Radford have produced two books under one cover, a happy amalgam of short story and photography.

Only Wiebe is on home ground. Savage is better known as a painter and Radford's writing has been in films, not books. As a result, it is Wiebe's work that carries the book to the left field. He takes a clearly populist stance, preferring to use the occasion of Alberta's 50th birthday to celebrate the pro-

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know's people rather than its hardware—the oil derricks, growing cities and trust funds. Wiebe's voice and Saskatchewan's voice are very much that of the settler—the common world of land. Though oil has made a huge impact on the prosperity of the province, it has in fact made little impact on this book. When Wiebe does comment on oil he generally holds it up for ridicule: "The oil capitalists of Canada are of course in Alberta, and they both tell you what they are on size large billboards . . . It makes you feel nice and warm and it



see those signs WELCOME TO CALGARY, HEL CAPITAL OF CANADA - WELCOME TO EDMONTON, HEL CAPITAL OF CANADA. And since they're 237 kilometers apart, you're not likely to see them at the same time and wonder " (I was longer than that much of the seed money for this book came as a gift from Bob Hall's Alberta Gas Trunk Line.)

Wicks has admitted he's not the expert of writers to read and that the suspense readers to seek as hard on a story as they can. He's a strong fan of the strange, offworld prose with a cool quality as he has done in that endearing fantasy, history, tall tale and childhood reminiscence makes it difficult to accuse him of writing down to readers. He's a writer who's got a lot of his stories. After *Thirty Years of Marriage*, a wife's account of housewrecking near Red Deer, gains its power from such accumulation of detail and the gritty quality of the prose. The other, *The Durbin Jangle the Mountain*, replays the time when coal was king. The narrator in a little girl doing the rounds with her Coca-Cola salesman father on a hot summer who survived a cancer in 40 years earlier by reliving his shift not only plays on the history of the event but the nature of the city, the heat of the day and the electric blue of the sky. The book is a great mix of the story of the book.



From 'Alberta: A Celebration' it wasn't all

Alberta's Celebration will appeal to Albertans mainly because it shows clear of the stereotypes outsiders expect. Harry Savage is not of the Royal Bony school of photography. His photos are aesthetically lit, unposed pictures of the people and colors of Alberta—there's no gift-book pompousness here. Coupled with Wiebe's prose, this is a book both for and of the people. No indications need arise.

THE ALBERTA DIAMOND JUBILEE
ANTHOLOGY: A COLLECTION FROM
ALBERTA'S BEST WRITERS
Edited by John W. Chabner's
\$4.95 \$14.95

Any book purporting to contain the best has to deliver more than just the goods. While it might be argued that hype is hype and writing is writing and no one the wiser shall meet, there are enough problems with *The Alberta Desmond Jubilee Anthology* to make you wonder if there has ever been a word as misused as "best."

The book is another of Harding's birthday presents on the occasion of Alberta's 75th and the writers nestled between the covers would certainly make for good company at a dinner party. Therese Hardy Webb and W.G. Mitchell and Robert Kroetsch and Mavis Cheung and Michael Ondaatje and Aritha van Herik and "many, many others." But alas something went wrong at the home of our party: the anthology contains 112 writers and if it appears overwrought it's only because there's so much mud to wade through before a reader's glimmer catches the light. In this knowledge of styles and subjects and subjects and styles, the book is almost a chronological record of publication where he might have been better served with thematic groupings. As better

result there are jarring transitions, as fiction clashes with poetry, tales of the popular West rubbing elbows with commentary on the rigors of being a housewife.

The anthology is published with the financial and moral support of Alberta Culture. That body's Film and Literary Arts Branch is often credited with the raising of writers' profiles in Alberta and the spectacular financial assistance available to them. Naturally opportunities draw prospects out of the woodwork but, as *The Alberta Diamond Sublimity Anthology* shows, when there is a surplus of writers the solution is not to publish them all. Gordon Mearns

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

NOTES

- 1 *Sweeney's People*, Le Carré (T)
- 2 *The Devil's Alternative*, Forsyth (H)
- 3 *The Top of the Hill*, Shaw (B)
- 4 *Princesses Daley*, Kunda (C)
- 5 *Life Before Man*, Atwood (X)
- 6 *The Last Remains*, Stewart (S)
- 7 *Memoirs of Another Day*, Robbins
- 8 *Juddish*, Whang (M)
- 9 *Belki*, Schner (T)
- 10 *A Night Honorable Lady*, LeMaux (V)

HIGH-SPOTTED

- 1 And He Said: Song, Mervin (10)
- 2 The Fourth Man, Elvin (11)
- 3 The Brothers, Woodman/Anastasia (2)
- 4 The Blue-Eyed Girls, Foster (2)
- 5 The Galaxy Report on BBSs, Selwyn
- 6 Axel Erland's Cope Book, Sandberg (3)
- 7 Points of Departure, Camp (8)
- 8 White House Years, Kleager (9)
- 9 James Earl Ray's Typewriter, Mervin (10)
- 10 How to Invest Your Money and P. from Inflation, Shulman (7)

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KARIN KATZ

Dancing out of time

For a withering fall season wherein the dancers looked dejectedly disinterested in just about everything they did, the National Ballet of Canada seems temporarily reinvigorated from its cabaret of floral arrangements. The spring season, the company's showcase, is still in the process of warding off February funk at Toronto's O'Keefe Centre. New works, new enthusiasm, even a gala: all in due season: for last fall's fall from grace (literally).

There is, however, a syndrome endemic to the world of ballet in Toronto (i.e., National Ballet performances in Toronto) superbly manifested by the campaign of culture embroiling the dancers of the company. As an introduction, consider the opening gala: Everyone and his granny loves a gala. There's always the upstart talent, this



time Natalia Makarova, the foremost Gracie of our time, with the New York City Ballet's sleek Peter Martins particularly her. The corps, as always when flanking a star, outdid itself; the home-grown stars did their brief showpieces. The audience has the option of arriving in its finest, as well as the luxury of disintegrating up to a hundred bucks for a seat. Little cups of strawberries

and cream were served during intermission. Very ballet. Also very nice. What wasn't so nice was the partitioning off of the drinking area for selected invited guests. God knows it's hard enough to get a drink in Ontario as it is. This attitude of "Let them eat strawberries" in a kind of reactionary holdover from the old world of ballet—the very old world of ballet peopled by bony members of the ladies' auxiliary and those whose features seem to beam out. There is only the dance and who, by the way, are you? The subtle thread here is a new work (it was created in 1911) that, if there ever was one, is a ballet's auxiliary ballet. *Le Spectre de la Rose* is 33 minutes long and cost the National \$26,000 to mount, and it's beyond both esthetic and economic comprehension.

Spectre is, finally enough, a phantom ballet, its theme having reared upon Nijinsky's association with it. Unless there's a Nijinsky around to exorcise that first breath-taking leap through the window—and there isn't except for Baryshnikov—it remains not only a curiosity but a campy curiosity as well. A young woman returns from a ball, falls

Howland, David Nixon, Witkovsky (above); Augustyn with Tomas Balachova, camp, trash, bouquet of short-skirted beauties



B

Peter Martins, Makarova: gala for a granny

which doesn't at all have the rusty redness of *Spectre*.

George Balanchine's *Serenade*, his first American ballet, unfortunately doesn't suit the company either, but then again it doesn't suit any company other than Balanchine's own, the New York City Ballet. A romantic abstraction set to Tchaikovsky, *Serenade* is a continuum of velvet anguishes evoking its own rhythms and logic—a demonstration of the physical mathematics that can be engendered by music (which is as good a definition of ballet in general as any). Balanchine ballets represent nothing, yet seem to have everything in them, and the National's 20 ballerinas make a valiant stab at this one. The problem though is that the style of movement has been perverted by Balanchine himself as the long-stemmed American beauties he conceived it for. National ballerinas are closer to temperament and physique to the British; they don't have the curve and attenuation of Balanchine dancers. Verónica Tennant, who is tiny and fabulous, still manages the style but none of the other, too compact dancers look flusteringly ridiculous. Orlinda Witkovsky, who is not tiny (legs for days) and who can outdance anyone else in the O'Keefe rising dome. Balanchine, has the great, hearty, bounding grace that will someday (soon) make her a star.

The National, like any big ballet company, is as much in need of stars as it is of the right repertoire. The terrific Peter Schaufelin isn't even dancing this season. Karen Kain has been an automatic pilot for some time, Tennant is, gratefully, indefatigable. But if there's anyone who has shown a dramatic growth this season it's Frank Augustyn in the third new piece, Maurice Bejart's *Song of a Wisp*, something to do with Makar and the women. It's the first time Augustyn has ever articulated anything; he allows the music to creep up on him and responds with languorous

contractions, cool sweeping motions equantly stretched together and a sense of some fire within the never seemed to be the poetic sort; it's a new phase for him—and a little overdue. *Song* is a silly, this is art piece of nouveau (1991, actually) trash, yet hardly regrettable as it has taken Augustyn out of his morose.

The three new works—*Spectre*, *Serenade*, *Song of a Wisp*—don't represent a great stride for the National. A fourth, Harold Lander's *Rhodes*, will probably fit them more snugly when it gets its premiere this week. Yes, the

company's dancing much better, but it's also dancing is a bit of a vacuum. There's a sense of age being owed to the modern world (*Spectre*), not being connected to its own identity (*Serenade*) and of being the last to show off an impoverished trend (*Song of a Wisp*). There, one of a spate of Makar ballets attempting to turn Augustyn into a star. Perhaps if the company was able to get behind a new, important ballet we would begin to see it do something worthwhile. The ladies' auxiliary crowd could do with a rude awakening.

Lawrence O'Toole

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always a
good year.

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consistent good taste.
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The Dewar's Highlighter

If I want your opinion, I'll give it to you . . .

By Allen Fotheringham

Gee, Professor Fotheringham, I certainly am glad to jump into you. Bless you, my lad! Escalate to me the specificity of the totality of your knowledge.

Well, I'm still bogged by this election. The guy who wants to stay out unimpacted by the guy who wants to go. This puzzle me.

Not to worry. All part of this ineffable charm of Canadians. A politician who takes religion like a virgin on her third date, all the while lusting after power with clerically concerned drool, is very appealing to voters who prefer illusion to reality. Reality is so boring to most people, especially in February.

But what did Joe Clark do that was so wrong?

What he did—fatally wrong—was to display apparent indecision. Canadians love decisiveness—War Measures Act, shouting at unemployed huns, telling striking mail-carriers to change their diet. All that. They don't mind flip-flops on wage and price controls as long as it's a vigorous flip-flop. Show flair in your decisiveness. So?

Joe Clark, the network of history, was so content as to set out Parliament only four months after he had been in office. Mainly due to the fact that his Tories, away from the levers of power in Ottawa for 16 years, wanted to inflict a loyalty oath on every effie boy before he went to the washroom. The Clarkians suffered from terminal passivity, assuming there would be no governing. A politician diagnosed as a stonographer.

But isn't that a natural flaw?

Possibly. Only problem is that the people around Joe, flustered by a lifetime of failure, spent more time discussing conspiracy than they did governing. They reminded me of guys who had been dinged by a fraternity and enjoyed slugging off all night reveling in their rejection.

You're pretty rough. Anything else? Oh, yeah. After giving the Canadians the distinct impression that they were afraid to face the sitty-gritty of the Commons, the Tories walked into that Jerusalem Basin.

Come on, I'm sick of hearing about Jerusalem. He submitted he made a mistake, didn't he?

That's the whole point. He didn't, really. Instead of cutting short the agony, he prolonged the fancy by asking the

refugees from his university or Young Terry (no short too young to stuff) days. As a Mr. Show said, youth is a wonderful thing and it's too bad it's wasted on children. Some reporter during the campaign observed that Clark appeared angry around young boys and girls. My complaint is that, in his eagerness to impose the new Reformation, he appeared not to trust old men. (I'm 29.)

Meaning?

Meaning that the vindictive young brutality—rejection around him gave the back of the hand so resolutely to the old guard in the party that they sat back and watched him sink in the quagmire.

Why didn't Clark get rid of those superannuated teen-agers?

That's a funny thing. To prove he's tough, he'll defy you. Get even with the guy who kicks sand in your face. In response to the more constructive criticism of some of us, he displayed his machismo by keeping on people who ordinarily would have been expelled to the Freshwater Corp. Fresh Marketing Corp.

You sound as if you're glad to get rid of him?

Not at all. The thought of these other cynical slicksters, run from Toronto with votes from Quebec, being allowed back in power after only nine months of purgatory for their sins of 16 years makes my baby blood run chill. There is no justice. But life is not fair. Otherwise, Jim Cusins and Keith Dancy wouldn't exist.

Joe Clark really that bad?

Indisputably. You've heard about the first bill the Liberals are bringing down?

No.

It's an omnibus bill, combining Freedom of Information with the War Measures Act.

Gen, Professor Puth, thanks a lot. You've certainly muddled the foreboding for me.

Any time.

Allen Fotheringham is a columnist for the FP News Service.



difficult and loyal Standfield of Arabia to do a never-ending "study" of the question. With the wire-service dribbles following him like a paper trail, it was, as someone said, like sending a rat out across the globe bearing a sandwich board saying, "I goofed."

Okay, okay. What else?

Just a second. I'm not finished yet. The move of the embassy all the way from Tel Aviv to Tel Aviv was probably the single most damaging factor, in a man who may become a footnote. It gave the impression to the public that here was a well-meaning young guy who had trouble with geography and perhaps passed his Peter Principle once 50 miles outside High River on the road to Spruce Grove.

Is that true?

Not entirely. But Joe had one bad habit.

Pray tell?

He is a man very loyal to old friends. Old friends, by their nature, tend to be



A Tom Sawyer Saturday-

In the best tradition of Saturdays you invite some friends around for a casual get together. And in the best tradition of literary imagination you bring out the paint and paint brushes and turn a lazy afternoon into a Tom Sawyer Saturday. Everyone hops to it. The apartment gets painted. Then out comes a Bulldog. It's 1/2 ounces of Smirnoff the vodka that leaves you breathless poured into a tall glass with ice and filled with limeade. And you all agree—Mr. Sawyer never had it so good.

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